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THE QUADRENNIAL RENT IN OUR FLAG—THE FLAG SO OFTEN DARNED, BUT INDESTRUCTIBLE.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JUNE 19, 1880.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY—16 PAGES.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE *No. 32, issued June 8, contains the second chapter of* MR. ALDEN'S *entertaining serial, "The Moral Pirates"; "Mr. Martin's Game," a very amusing story; "A Chat about Philately," by* J. J. CASEY, *illustrated; "An Apronful of Water-Cresses," by* MARGARET EYTINGE, *illustrated; the continuation of "The Story of George Washington"; "Little Fatima;" "A St. Ulric Doll;" "The Grizzly Bear," illustrated; an article and illustration on Miniature Yachting that will delight boys; "Easy Botany for June;" an amusing sketch called "The Adventures of a Rat Race"; The Post-office Box; a page of "Wiggles"; and other entertaining and attractive features.*

AT CHICAGO.

THE excitement and division of feeling at the Chicago Convention have made it a scene of intense interest, and the difference between this Convention and that of 1868, in the same city, which first nominated General GRANT by acclamation, and that of 1872, in Philadelphia, which renominated him with the same enthusiasm, shows the difference between a spontaneous demand of the party and a desperate endeavor to achieve a result against its plain and emphatic disapproval. General GRANT was nominated and renominated by the joyous acclamation of unanimous Conventions. The delay in the present Convention was due to the sober conviction that he ought not to be nominated, and to the tricks and subterfuges of the minority who were trying to secure his nomination despite the opinion of the Convention and the deliberate judgment of the Republican masses in the country. From the moment that it was clear that a decided majority of the delegates were opposed to his nomination for a third term, the policy of his advocates was procrastination and embarrassment, in the hope of exhausting the physical endurance of delegates, and so gaining a chance of securing a disgusted acquiescence in the GRANT nomination.

The performances of the three chief GRANT managers, Messrs. LOGAN, CONKLING, and CAMERON, have not produced upon the party or the country an impression favorable to an Administration which they would control. The amusing but outrageous attempt of Mr. DON CAMERON to overbear by his own will the great majority of the National Committee; the attempt of the GRANT interest in the Committee upon Rules to gag dissenting delegates with the unit rule—a proposition which received the vote of but nine States, and all of them hopelessly Democratic except New York; the obstructions to business offered by Mr. CONKLING in the Convention, the studied sneers at all other candidates in his ludicrous speech nominating General GRANT as a candidate who would require no explanation or defense, and his proposition to expel delegates for refusing to pledge themselves to an action not yet taken—a proposition which was grossly insulting to the delegates, and which General GARFIELD compelled him to withdraw amid the contemptuous hisses of the Convention; Mr. LOGAN'S pitiful appeal for fair play in a Convention which by truculent foul play he had attempted in advance to control—all these things have made an ineradicable impression upon the decent Republican mind of the country.

The Convention has justified all that we have said during the preliminary discussion. It has shown that General GRANT was in no sense whatever the real choice of the party; that the talk about a spontaneous popular demand and "uprising" for him was the most laughable joke; and that a candidate whose nomination would make the sole issue of this election a third term for an Administration under which the party was almost overthrown, must necessarily be the weakest of candidates, and therefore throw the heaviest burden upon the party.

THE REPUBLICAN PLATFORM.

PLATFORMS must be taken good-naturedly. They are intended to say

> "An undisputed thing
> In such a solemn way,"

and to say nothing, in fine phrases, upon all questions which excite difference of opinion. When the citizen who is not a mere partisan comes to vote, he does not turn back to read what the party platforms said; he asks merely with which party, taking everything into the account, in the present as well as in the past, will the great interests of the country be safer, and he votes according to his decision. The Chicago platform of 1880 recounts the great deeds of the Republican party, but its indications of policy are very faint. It asserts that the conflict of State and national authority should be determined by the national and not the State tribunals. That is a sound proposition; but it is very feeble to say that the national government ought to aid education in the States as far as it can constitutionally, and that reviving industries should be further promoted. These are axioms which no party denies, and need not have been mentioned. The platform also declares for a constitutional amendment forbidding the States to make sectarian appropriations for schools, holds that the tariff should discriminate to favor American labor, and that Chinese immigration should be restrained.

It contains also a civil service reform plank, which was added in the Convention, after it was stated that it had been twice rejected in the committee, and after it had been amended from its original vigor into impotence. The debate upon this point was very ludicrous, following immediately the solemn accusation of the Democratic party as habitually sacrificing "patriotism and justice to a supreme and insatiable lust of office and patronage." This accusation doubtless had the entire approval of Messrs. JOHN F. SMYTH, ARTHUR, PLATT, and the other New York delegates who feel so deeply the sinful short-comings of the Democratic party in this direction; and their virtuous looks must have reproved severely the unfortunate Mr. FLANAGAN, of Texas, when he asked, innocently, "Why, what else are we here for but office and patronage?" The pith of the resolution was stricken out. But no reformer need lose heart. The party formally renews its pledge to reform, and it is because reform has become a real and not an abstract issue, and is supported by the most intelligent and patriotic opinion, that politicians are so shy of a distinct declaration.

But platforms are not very important, after all. The spirit and character and obvious tendency of a party are the essential points, and the real interest in a Convention is not what the party says, but what it does. The nomination is very apt to be the platform.

THE UNIT RULE.

ACCORDING to the report of the New York caucus at Chicago, Mr. CONKLING was very much troubled about the consciences of other people. He hoped that the delegates who thought it to be their duty to represent the districts which appointed them, instead of the Convention which under Mr. CONKLING'S lead tried to set them aside, and failed, would be able to reconcile their conduct with their sense of honorable duty. Mr. CONKLING found it consonant with his sense of honor to attempt to defeat the wishes of certain districts in the selection of delegates, and his lecture to the delegates whom he could not defeat, and who honestly represented their districts, to look out for their honor, is exceedingly comical. It is not supposed, at least in the State of New York, that men like Senator ROBERTSON and HENRY R. JAMES, and other Republicans who preferred to represent their districts, are any less addicted to honorable views and methods in politics than Mr. CONKLING.

The theory that if delegates do not instantly repudiate the instructions of a body which has no right to instruct, they are honorably bound by them, is absurd. Many of the delegates selected by the districts at Utica were not present, and nothing is more ridiculous than to hold them to be bound because they chose their own time for declining to acquiesce. Those who were present, and who did not acknowledge the right of the Convention to instruct, were equally at liberty to protest or to be silent. The dishonor was in the attempt of the Convention which Mr. CONKLING led to bind delegates whom its action conceded that it did not appoint. The National Convention has again formally decided, as, in common with many of the ablest and stanchest Republican journals in the country, we have contended, that it is a supreme assembly of representative delegates, who are free to vote as they choose, unrestrained by instructions or local rules. This is sound Republican doctrine. It is in strict accordance with the principles and traditions of the Republican party, and it is a most significant fact that the gag and padlock policy of the Senatorial triumvirate, CAMERON, CONKLING, and LOGAN, was supported by nine States only, and all but one of them hopelessly Democratic States—Arkansas, Alabama, Florida, Kentucky, Mississippi, Missouri, New York, Tennessee, and Virginia. This is another illustration of the free spirit of the Republican party, which spurns "bosses" of every degree when they attempt to carry their purposes by the lash and yoke, and ball and chain, instead of a free and fair majority.

Naturally the gentlemen from New York whose consciences were not disturbed by representing their own districts, instead of those of other delegates, found it perfectly compatible with their honor to vote against the gag of the unit rule. This fact will commend them still more warmly to Republican confidence, while the talk about "honor" and "conscience," to cover a brazen trick by which it was hoped to stifle the voice of Republican districts, will be no less remembered as another baffled attempt to debase the Republican party.

GUERRILLAS AND JAY-HAWKERS.

IN nominating General GRANT at Chicago, Mr. CONKLING sneered at the independent voters, who give or withhold Republican majorities, and who left his candidate for Governor of New York in a minority of twenty thousand, as "tramps, jayhawkers, and guerrillas—men who deploy between the lines, and forage now on the one side, and then on the other." Let us see who it is that thus contemptuously lectures upon Republican party fidelity. What is the lecturer's record?

In 1876 Mr. CONKLING was a candidate for the Presidential nomination. He received 99 votes, 69 of which were from New York. The party declined his services as President, and Mr. WHEELER, of New York, was placed upon the ticket with Mr. HAYES. Mr. CONKLING made one speech during the canvass, in which he avoided mentioning the name either of Mr. HAYES or of Mr. WHEELER. After the election, when continued Republican control of the government depended upon ratifying the decision of the Electoral Commission to count the Republican returns from Louisiana, Mr. CONKLING, deploying between the lines, and doubtful upon which side to forage, shirked the vote, but the election was saved despite his evasion of his duty. After the Republican Administration was inaugurated, and while the Democratic party was still meditating a movement to unseat it, Mr. CONKLING, in the report published in the *World*, declared that he knew what would sink the Administration in infamy. He and his subalterns, finding that they could not forage upon the party, like tramps and guerrillas shot and shied stones at the Republican Administration, to the infinite aid and comfort of the common enemy; and while that Administration, by its purity and ability, and by the great results accomplished by it, is the chief title of the party to the confidence of the country and to continued power, the unscrupulous methods and tendencies which Mr. CONKLING typifies are the great obstructions to its success.

When Mr. CONKLING'S discourse is of jayhawkers and guerrillas, and party assassins and foraging between the lines, New York Republicans, as they remember the defeat of Governor DIX, and the Tammany bargain, and the attempted "deal" of this last winter, and the prolonged "machine" war upon the party administration, smile as contemptuously as the orator sneers. Mr. CONKLING lives in a glass house so exceedingly thin that at Chicago he has been plainly visible to a host of genuine Republicans throughout the country who never truly saw him before.

MR. JAY'S LETTER.

MR. JOHN JAY has written a very strong letter in reply to some assertions of General GRANT about reform of the civil service, as recorded by Mr. JOHN RUSSELL YOUNG. General GRANT is reported by Mr. YOUNG to have said,

> "Writers who have reached years of discretion like JOHN JAY gravely assert that one-fourth of the revenue collected at the New-York Custom-house is lost in process of collection."

He concludes that the reform can not be "sound" if sustained by such wild assertions, and proceeds to remark that "our civil service is as good as any in the world that I have seen." What other civil services he has seen General GRANT does not say. But that he had either the time or the inclination to acquaint himself with the details of the public service in any country that he has visited does not appear from any record of his travels that we have seen. The particular statement in regard to Mr. JAY, that gentleman absolutely and unequivocally denies, and challenges General GRANT to point out any passage written by him which justifies his remark. Mr. JAY then suggests to General GRANT that a judicious friend would have advised him not to signalize his return to the United States by a prolonged sneer at the reform to which the Republican party has repeatedly pledged itself, and the same friend would have reminded him that while he now acquiesces in the abuse of Congressional patronage, when he retired from the Presidency he deprecated censure of his errors and mistakes for the reason that they were largely due to the fact of appointments made by that abuse. Mr. JAY, indeed, pushes home his rejoinder with trenchant vigor and a plainness of speech which is all the more refreshing from the abjectly toadying tone in which General GRANT is so frequently mentioned.

The statement about the loss of revenue was made in the report of the Civil Service Commission, which General GRANT sent to Congress, with his approval, in 1871. It was as follows:

> "It is not easy to compute in figures the exact economical difference between a good and a bad system of the civil service. It is necessarily a matter of inference and of comparison between the probable operation of a careless and a careful method. But it is calculated by those who have made a careful study of the facts that one-fourth of the revenues of the United States are annually lost in the collection, and for a large part of that loss a system of the service which is fatally unsound may reasonably be held responsible."

In the campaign of 1872 this passage was often cited upon the stump as implying that the officers stole a quarter of their collections, and Senator LOGAN, always bitterly hostile to reform, at last wrote a letter to the Commission, asking them petulantly to "state precisely what you do mean" by the assertion. The Commission replied promptly, deprecating the unfair use which was made of the statement, and pointing out that the calculations were contained in various official reports to Congress, and in the speeches of Mr. JENCKES, who said that he had "studied this matter for four years, and had taken the testimony of hundreds of witnesses." The loss was of money due to the Treasury under the laws, and never collected. It escaped by evasions of every kind. Thus for some time the rate of the tax upon whiskey was not less than seven hundred per cent. in excess of the net cost of production, so that the fraudulent distiller was fairly paid if he could successfully place one out of eight barrels of whiskey on the market without paying the tax. The actual evasion upon this commodity alone amounted at one time to not less than from four to five, six, or even seven hundred per cent., instead of the moderate rate of twenty-five per cent. The loss was due to official connivance or inefficiency, as the Whiskey Ring prosecutions presently showed; and Mr. JAY'S supposed friend of General GRANT might have reminded him that when those prosecutions took place they stained his own private secretary, as Mr. TILDEN'S confidential agents were tainted by the cipher frauds, while General GRANT'S chief resentment was not against the thieves who disgraced his Administration, but against his own Secretary of the Treasury, who authorized the suits, and, further, that Mr. YOUNG records General GRANT as saying that the only Republican candidate in 1876 to whom he should have refused his vote was the very Secretary who had done his utmost to redeem the Administration and the party from the disgrace of these frauds.

The letter to Senator LOGAN, written at the beginning of September, 1872, naturally praised the measures of reform which had been carried under General GRANT'S Administration. We have no doubt now, as we had none then, that had General GRANT'S second Administration vigorously enforced the policy which he had officially approved, a radical reform could have been effected. But it is not in our stars that we are underlings. The movement for reform was practically abandoned with the beginning of the second term.

FRANCE AND THE JESUITS.

THE conflict of the government of France with the Jesuits is likely to have far-reaching consequences. It affects the whole political situation, and may touch the stability of the republic as now organized. It has already created a division between the moderate and the radical republicans, and has put an end to the fusion of the Bonapartists with the royalists. It has subjected the republic to the charge of being at war with religion—a charge which the present Ministers, like their predecessors, indignantly resent. In a conflict with the Roman Catholic Church, as a Church, the republic would certainly incur defeat; for the French peasant respects his parish priest, though he may choose his own course in politics. The DE FREYCINET Ministry have, however, taken care to discriminate between the Jesuits and other teaching corporations, and notably the Christian Brothers, who have under their care many of the younger children of the nation. The facts of the situation are briefly these: The FERRY bill, already described in HARPER'S WEEKLY, was left as a legacy to the present Ministry by its predecessor, having already passed the Assembly. The bill restored to the state the sole right of conferring academic degrees, and contained the famous Article VII., which runs in these words: "No per-

son belonging to an unauthorized religious community is allowed to govern a public or private educational establishment, or to give instruction therein." This article was avowedly aimed at the Jesuits, but was rejected by the Senate; the Assembly and the Senate were thus brought into collision. The Assembly is the real power in the state; but fortunately, perhaps, for the present quiet of France, M. De Freycinet has not the intense anti-Jesuit zeal of M. Ferry. He, however, warned the Senate that the rejection of the seventh article of the bill would be followed by the strict application of existing laws against unauthorized religious congregations. On the 16th of March the Assembly directed the ministers so to act.

The French laws against the Jesuits go back to the times of Louis XV. and Louis XVI. Under the first of these kings the order was suppressed in France, and its members expelled from the kingdom. The Republic in 1790 dissolved all monastic orders; the First Empire in 1804 created the distinction between authorized and unauthorized religious corporations, and forbade the creation of any religious community without the formal sanction of the state. Practically these laws have been slackly administered, so that the unauthorized religious corporations now enroll 20,000 members. On the 30th of last March, President Grévy issued a decree, which closes with these words: "Three months, dating from the present decree, are accorded to the so-called non-authorized aggregation, or Association of Jesus, to dissolve, and to evacuate the establishments it occupies in the territory of the republic. This interval will be prolonged to the 31st of August for the establishments in which literary or scientific instruction is given by the association to the young." Other unauthorized religious corporations may obtain legal standing by legislation or through the Council of State; but the Jesuits have peremptory notice given them to dissolve and disperse. This decree goes beyond the terms of Article VII.; the article dissolved the schools only; the decree, all Jesuit establishments of every description.

The first effects of this notice given by the government were an outburst of anger from the clerical organs, unfriendly criticism from the moderate republican press, and approval from the radicals. But M. De Freycinet is not credited with much zeal in the cause; he is believed to accept his situation as a political necessity. He can not govern without the concurrence of the Assembly; the Assembly is resolved to strike the Jesuits, and the state Minister, as in duty bound, delivers the blow. But the publication of the decrees (there were two) was followed by a genuine surprise. Prince Napoleon, the Bonapartist leader, gave them in a published letter his unqualified approval. He claims that the decrees are not persecution, but only a return to an indisputable principle of public law—the principle, namely, which subjects the existence of a religious order to the supervision of the political power. This, although not an English or American, is a French principle of government, and so far the republic is in harmony with the traditions of the nation for more than a hundred years.

Thus the conflict, now rife throughout the continent of Europe, has entered on another phase. Unquestionably Jesuitism is a perpetual conspiracy against human liberty, but the best method of counterworking it is for the Continental states a serious problem. Belgium and Switzerland have undertaken, as was pointed out in a previous article, the supervision of all education; France suppresses Jesuit schools. The members of the Company of Jesus will, however, remain on French soil, and can continue their work as educators in other schools than their own. The mischievous leaven will be dispersed more widely, but will still work in the minds of youth. The leaven is most mischievous, for the chief lesson of Jesuitism is that "we live in times that are evil, and amidst institutions that ought to be undermined, pending the moment when they can be boldly attacked and overthrown." The danger to the republic is a real one, and the republic is not strong. The Roman Catholic Church and the government eye each other with suspicion, and a collision may at any time be precipitated. Already bishops have given notice of a purpose to disregard the warning, and have been reminded by the Ministry that the state is supreme, and will cause the laws to be respected. Thus in all the changes of French politics, the Church remains an important factor. The reactionary demonstration of Marshal McMahon, which brought his administration to a close, is believed to have been inspired by priests. The Church abhors the Revolution and all its consequences, will have none of modern ideas, and is the natural ally of the reactionary party. The moderate republicans may for a time hold in check their more radical brethren; but the Church and the state, like two wary antagonists, will continue each to watch every movement which the other makes.

THE NEW GIBBON.

We have already mentioned the remarkable series of the great histories which the Harpers have been issuing, and the last of which is *Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*. It is the finest uniform series of such works accessible. In form, type, binding, and general character the volumes of this series are unrivalled, and they are sold at a price which enables every man who would have these historical masterpieces to procure them most reasonably. No recent additions to the list of publications are so important as these works, and each set in its box is one of the most admirable school prizes that we could suggest.

This *Gibbon* is edited by Dr. William Smith, and in the most comprehensive and generous spirit. The historian's references to ancient writers have been verified, and all errors which have gradually crept into the notes and text have been corrected. Wise and ample use has been made of the great progress of scholarship since Gibbon's time. The researches of modern scholars, indeed, have thrown unexpected light upon many topics treated in these pages, and beside the notes of the editor he gives those of Dean Milman, and of Guizot and Wenck in the French and German translations of Milman's edition. The history is preceded by Gibbon's autobiography—a singularly fascinating story of the eventless life of a great and self-indulgent scholar. It is one of the most delightful books of its kind that we have, but there are few more unheroic heroes than the incomparable Gibbon.

Hume's history, and Macaulay's, and all of Motley's are included with Gibbon's in this remarkable series—remarkable for convenience, for beauty, and for moderation of price. Even Hume and Gibbon themselves, who published in solemn and ponderous quartos, and who did not believe the dignity of history to be compatible with any smaller form, would certainly own that if any departure whatever were permissible from the staid historic decorum of that bulky quarto, it would be such and only such as that of these enticing and beautiful volumes.

DO FISH HEAR?

The editor of the Albany *Evening Journal* is a piscatory authority. He is a famous disciple of Izaak Walton, and to whatever fish story he puts his hand, other people may give their faith. But even Homer nods; even Napoleon retreated. Mr. Jones, of the carp ponds in Washington, we believe, is of opinion that the fish follow "a peculiar noise" by which he summons them to lunch. Commenting upon this belief, the editor of the *Journal* says that Mr. Jones is mistaken, because "fish don't hear." He admits, however, that it is "a mooted question," while his own opinion is decided that fish do not hear.

Twenty-five years ago the same question was discussed by a party of fishers in Newport. Opinions were very positive, and agreement was impossible. It was decided finally to refer the point to Professor Agassiz, as the highest authority then living, and his prompt reply will interest nobody more than the editor of the *Evening Journal*. It was dated at Nahant, 8th August, 1855, and has never been published. It is as follows:

"I hold it would be a blessing—I mean fortunate—for many an individual to hear as distinctly as most fishes do. That they do hear is not only to be inferred from the very complicated pair of ears they possess, but may be directly ascertained, as I have often done, by frightening them by noises under circumstances when they can not at the same time see. What may mislead us with reference to fishes having that organ of sense is the fact that though the external ear is very perfect, they have no tympanon nor external auditive conch. But as hearing consists in the perception of sonorous vibrations, these may strike the head, and produce the sensation of a sound without passing through the auditive conch, as in cases of deafness when people open the mouth to perceive sounds through an internal canal leading to the ear. This is a rough diagram of the ear of most fishes [a sketch]: *a b c*, the semicircular canals, very similar to those of man; *d*, labyrinth; *e*, sack containing the ear-bone, which is set vibrating by the sonorous motions of any body producing the sensation of hearing, and transmits the motion to the nervous fibres *f f f*, where it produces that sensation of hearing. The whole is in the back part of the skull.

"So much for the hearing of fishes. You may see the apparatus very readily by cracking open the skull of any fish."

CLIMBING VESUVIUS BY STEAM.

Now that there is a railway to the summit of Mount Washington, the highest point of the White Mountains, and another up the Righi, and a tunnel under the St. Gothard in Switzerland, it was to be expected that a railway to the cone of Vesuvius would follow, and it will not be a surprise that such a road is just finished. It is said to be the joint design of an American and a Lombard engineer, and quite different from either the road at Mount Washington or the Righi. The cost is estimated at $100,000, which it is fondly hoped may be re-imbursed within one year; and although this may be an illusion, there is no doubt that the possibility of ascending Vesuvius in ten minutes will greatly increase the number of visitors.

But although it is true that the ascent was toilsome, it is doubtful whether the romance and the pleasure of climbing can be replaced by a swift whirl in a car to the summit. The ascent was formerly made upon horses as far as the Hermitage, and there were few incidents of travel more memorable than the slow toil up the mountain on a moonlight night in spring, overhanging the gleaming Bay of Naples and the glittering city, the difficulty and slowness of the climbing adding, of course, to the sense of height. Herculaneum and Pompeii are at the foot of the mountain; the orange groves of Sorrento were on the shore of the bay opposite the city; Capri, with the blue grotto, and the stately Ischia, rose from the sea; and the feluccas were moving like ghosts over the water. In the night and the moonlight and silence they were all singularly beautiful. Whoever saw the scene from the saddle has an unfading picture in his memory.

At the Hermitage there was a long pause, even a nap for those who would; and here, too, was the matchless *Lagrima Christi*, the juice of grapes ripened upon the slope of Vesuvius—a draught of flavor so delicate as to defy the most careful transportation. *Lagrima Christi* on Vesuvius at the Hermitage, and *Vino d'Asti spumante* on the Col de Balme, passing over from the valley of the Rhone into the valley of Chamouni, are very nectar to the remembering traveller. From the Hermitage up the cone was a slide and a desperate struggle, in the loose deep sand, of guides tugging and shouting with ostentatious zeal to drag the stranger to the summit. Safely there, he saw from the top of Vesuvius the sun rise over Naples Bay. He saw the lava, a viscous mass, slowly flowing among the stones. It was one of the great sensations of travel. But the slow climbing, the night, the moon, the dawn, the sunrise, were all essential elements. Let us hope for the pilgrims of to-day that shooting up the mountain in a car, and in a crowd, and in ten minutes, may supply other elements, and a pleasure as great.

MINISTER TO BELGIUM.

The nomination of Mr. James O. Putnam, of Buffalo, as Minister to Belgium, recalls to public life a gentleman whose character and accomplishments have adorned every position in which he has been placed. Recently his health has somewhat prevented an active participation in politics, but his name has been always synonymous with probity and patriotism, and a work lately published, containing his addresses, speeches, and essays, shows his interest both in political and literary questions, and his familiarity with public affairs. Quiet, refined, intelligent, and in full sympathy with the progressive spirit of the Republican party, yet of a distinctly conservative temperament, Mr. Putnam adds another worthy name to the roll of admirable foreign appointments of the Administration.

In the charming capital of Belgium Mr. Putnam will be most pleasantly situated, and both at his post and wherever he may go, he will fulfill effectively the general duty which devolves upon all our foreign Ministers of representing the true and best character of their country.

DEAN STANLEY'S MISTAKE.

The memorial to the young French Prince Imperial which Dean Stanley, with such apparent perversity, and against so general a protest, seems resolved to place in Westminster Abbey, may yet make more difficulty than a thing in itself so trivial could be expected to produce. It is by no means clear that Parliament will approve it; and although under the late Administration, which magnified the crown, the favor of the Government was to be expected, Mr. Gladstone could not approve it without arousing great hostility among his own political friends. The Queen and the royal family desire it, both because they like all honors paid to royalty, and because the Queen was always fascinated by Louis Napoleon.

Meanwhile a droll incident has occurred in the denunciation of the French Empire by the Rev. Stopford Brooke in a sermon lately preached in the Abbey. According to a correspondent of the *Evening Bulletin* in Philadelphia, he compared it to a rich and gorgeous palace of sin and fraud, whose foundations were cemented with the blood of the people—a palace which had been shivered by the great German hammer in the hand of God. It was to restore this gorgeous palace that the Prince Imperial went to South Africa and lost his life, and it is ludicrous to think of the Dean of the Abbey in which this denunciation was uttered defying English public opinion in order to glorify that kind of empire, and the name of one of the bitterest foes of England and of liberty.

Nothing would so well become the Dean as a prompt and total withdrawal from a scheme which should never have been thought of again after the decisive condemnation of national opinion. But it is hard for those who live in courts to understand the real feeling and desire of the country.

PERSONAL.

Professor Lanman, the newly appointed Professor of Sanskrit at Harvard, is a native of Norwich, Connecticut. He graduated at Yale in 1871, took a post-graduate course at the same university for two years more, and spent three years at German universities—at Berlin, Tübingen, and Leipsic—giving particular attention to Sanskrit. In 1876 he became a Fellow, and a year later was chosen Assistant Professor of this tongue at Johns Hopkins University, the president of which, Dr. Daniel C. Gilman, is also a native of Norwich. Since that time he has written several papers, which have been read at various meetings of philological societies, and published a work on *Noun Inflections in the Vedas*. He is also preparing a reader, to be used as a text-book. He sailed for Europe in the *Egypt* recently, to arrange for the plates with which to illustrate it. He will be absent for four months.

—We learn that a large steel engraving of J. G. Brown's painting of "The Three (Scape-) Graces" will be published early in the fall by Messrs. Fishel, Adler, & Co., of this city. The picture is one of the best that Mr. Brown has ever painted, both in character and execution, and we have no doubt that the engraving, which will be executed in the finest style, will be one of the most popular prints in the market.

—The New York correspondent of the Indianapolis *Journal*, writing of Mr. Dudley Buck, whose portrait was given in a recent number of Harper's Weekly, says: "Dudley Buck is home again from Cincinnati, wearing a heap of laurels about his musical brow. His thousand-dollar prize cantata, founded on Longfellow's 'Golden Legend,' was performed by the orchestra and chorus under Theodore Thomas with an excellence probably never before equalled in this country. Mr. J. R. G. Hassard, of the *Tribune*, the prince of musical critics, told me to-day that Buck's triumph was absolute, and that the 8000 auditors gave him a merited ovation. The Cincinnati dailies have devoted some eighteen columns in all to the cantata alone. Being home again, Mr. Buck will immediately organize his opera company to produce (October 11, at Haverly's) the comic opera which he has composed to W. A. Croffut's libretto. It is to be put on the stage in first-rate style, with an orchestra of twenty-five pieces and sixty singers."

—The Crown Prince and Princess of Germany are said to have long cherished a particular partiality for Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, the pretty and kind-hearted young lady to whom their eldest son is betrothed. They take the greatest pleasure in the affection between the young couple, which is said to be entirely unbiassed by any reasons of state.

—The father of the House of Commons has again been returned to it in the person of Mr. Mansel-Talbot, who has sat for Glamorganshire since 1830. The fact that a man of seventy-seven should have refused a peerage and sought re-election is significant of the fascination which the House, reputed "the pleasantest club in London," exercises over its members.

—Sir William Harcourt took his defeat at Oxford philosophically. After the election had gone against him, he made the following little speech: "My dear good friends of Oxford—for I call you so still—we have been defeated, but we have fought a good fight in a good cause. We have done our best, and that is all that man can do. In the hour of defeat, the true test of a man is to bear it manfully, as I hope you and I shall do. In the hour of defeat, the worst thing in the world is to indulge in the language of rancor and recrimination. I have received too much kindness in Oxford for many years past to desire to leave behind me or to carry with me any sense of bitterness. I hope, gentlemen, you will go home in peace, as I shall go home in peace. I hope that, after this severe and fatiguing contest, you will sleep quietly, as I shall sleep to-night. My last words to you last night, gentlemen, were, 'Good-night, and God bless you,' and I finish with the same words this evening—'Good-night, and God bless you.'"

—A practical manner of expressing appreciation of talent has just been shown toward Mr. Walter Shaw, a clever young English seascape painter. A gentleman has placed at his disposal, free of all cost and restrictions, a steam-yacht for the season, in order that he may have every opportunity of finding "food for his pencil."

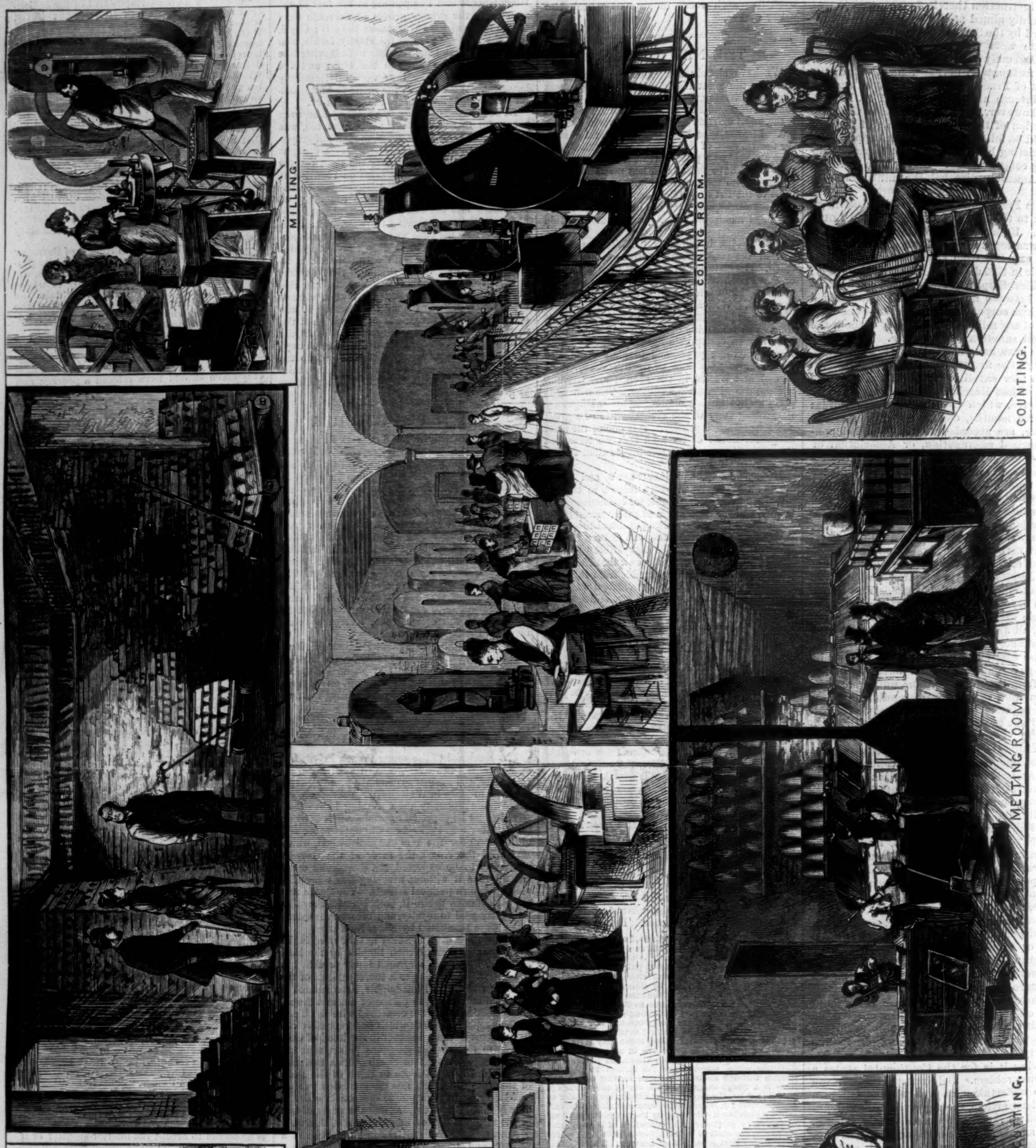
—Albert Victor, the eldest son of the Prince of Wales, is a tall, slender, delicate-looking boy, slightly resembling his grandfather. His brother George is short, stout, and round-headed. The Prince's eldest daughter is rather plain, but the other little girls are exceedingly pretty, especially the blooming and spirited little Princess Maud.

—A correspondent of the Utica *Herald* reports ex-Governor Hoffman as saying that one day near the close of his term he was sitting in the Executive Chamber, when a strange man entered, unannounced, and unceremoniously seated himself. In a moment he extended his hand, in the palm of which lay a somewhat battered musket-ball. "Governor," said he, "that musket-ball killed my brother in the streets of New York. It was fired by one of the militia, who were acting by virtue of your orders. I regarded you as my brother's murderer, and over his dead body swore that I would take the same bullet that killed him and with it kill you. I have many times started to make good my vow, but each time deferred it. For certain reasons I have made up my mind to let you live; but I want you to know that you owe your life to me, and continue to live entirely by my sufferance." The man then quietly arose, picked up his hat, and unconcernedly walked away.

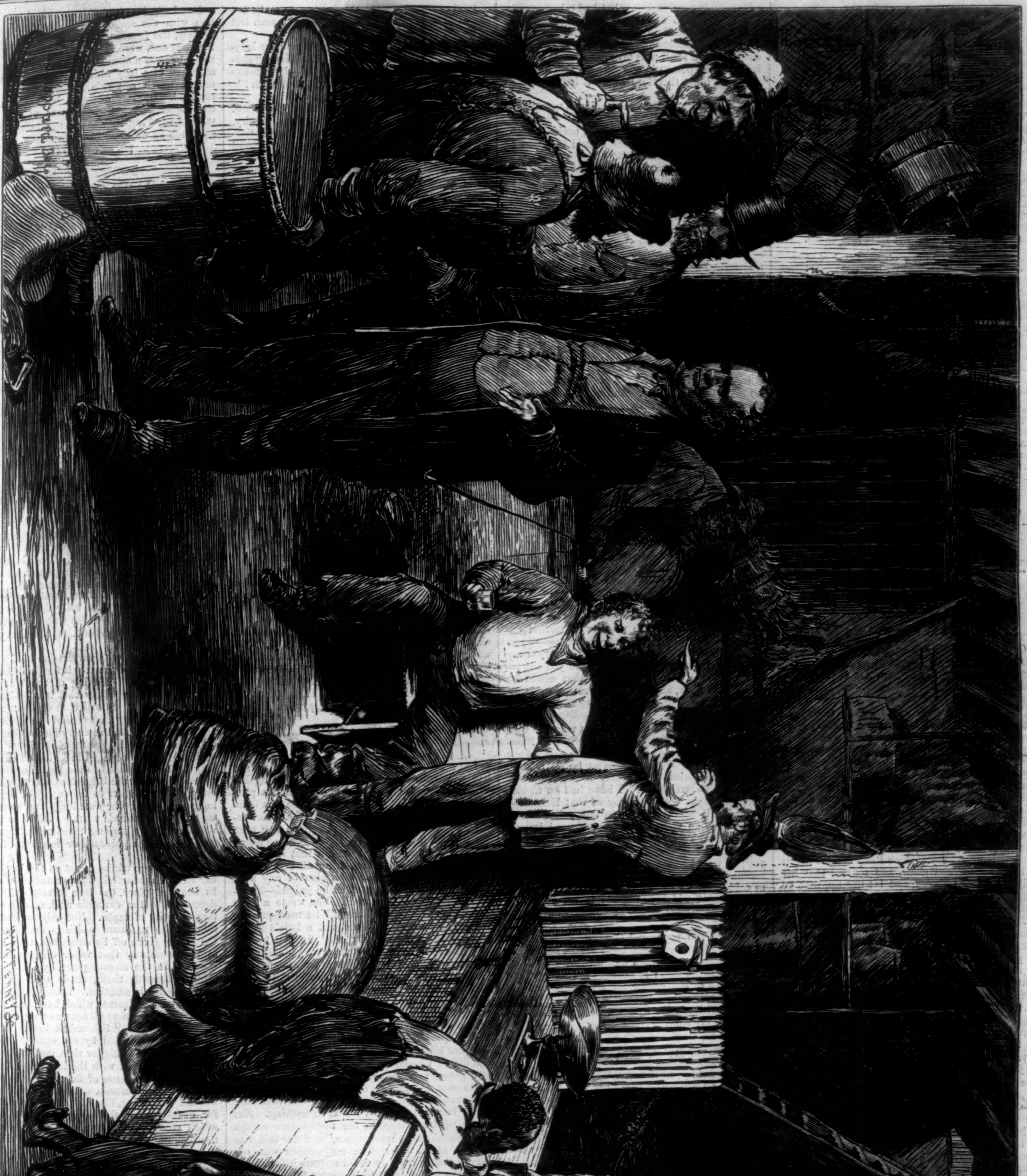
—An English judge recently made use of a very homely simile to make a Yorkshire jury comprehend a technical point which could only be itself decided by an expert. A firm at Leeds ordered a load of timber, "equal to best Dantzic middles." When it came it was found to consist of another and an inferior sort. The way the judge put the question was this: "If a man orders a horse, and the dealer sends a donkey, is he bound to accept the inferior animal? or if one thing is ordered and another sent, are you legally bound to accept that other?" The jury promptly found for the plaintiff.

—The employés of Sir Henry Peek, one of the Conservative members of Parliament, and also a great tea merchant, are indignant that having memorialized him to allow them to wear mustaches, he has not condescended to reply. That a clerk in the tea trade should be supposed to fulfill his duties better without any hirsute appendages seems to be a very barefaced piece of humbug.

—Colette, the eldest daughter of Alexandre Dumas, is engaged to be married to M. Maurice Lippmann, a wealthy manufacturer of the south of France. Colette's grandmother was a poor seamstress who was never married; her father is an illegitimate child; her mother is the widow of a Russian prince, and was the original of Diane de Lys and La Dame aux Perles. Her father is a Roman Catholic; her mother belongs to the Greek Church; her betrothed is a Jew. Her father is the grandchild of creoles of Martinique; her mother is a Russian; her betrothed is an Alsacian. The story of her courtship is curious. The first ball which she attended threw her for the first time with her betrothed. It was a fancy ball. She entered the room dressed as a lady of the First Empire, with a chaise-top bonnet—under which her immense blue eyes "looked heavenly"—with a rose and white skirt, and a fanciful reticule on her arm. M. Lippmann fell in love with her at first sight, instantly sought an introduction, made himself so agreeable that he left as deep an impression on her as she had made on him, and next day he asked her hand.



COINING SILVER DOLLARS AT THE PHILADELPHIA MINT.—[See Page 389.]



IN A VIRGINIA COUNTRY STORE—DISCUSSING THE REPUBLICAN NOMINATIONS.—Drawn by W. L. Sheppard.

COINING SILVER DOLLARS.

If all the silver dollars coined in the United States last year—there were over twenty-seven million of them—were set on edge in cart-wheel fashion in a continuous line, they would extend over six hundred miles. If piled one upon another on the flat side, they would reach a height of nearly forty miles, or more than seven hundred times the height of Trinity Church steeple in New York city. Of course this vast sum of money was not all made at one mint, but was divided between the four establishments as follows: Philadelphia, $12,124,500; San Francisco, $12,722,000; Carson, $1,644,000; New Orleans, $737,000.

The process of coining is very interesting, as shown by our artist on page 388. In the first place, the great bars of metal are melted up and refined, after which the alloy is added to give it the requisite hardness and durability. In silver coins the proportion of copper is one-tenth. This done, the metal is cast into thin bars or ingots, ready for the coiner. These ingots are taken to the rolling-room, where they are passed several times through heavy iron or steel rolls, coming out finally in strips of the coin thickness. These are taken to the cutting press, where the planchets, or coins in the rough, are punched out. The machine is operated by steam, and works with great rapidity, cutting from one hundred and fifty to two hundred and forty pieces a minute.

The perforated slips and the blanks are then sent to the cleaning-room, where the dirt and grease are removed. The slips are remelted, and the blanks, or planchets, are delivered to the adjusters, by whom the weight is tested. The adjusted planchets are then sent to the forewoman of the weighing-room, under whose supervision they are carefully tested by five experienced adjusters, and any that are found to exceed the prescribed limit are delicately filed down. Those which fall below the required weight are kept in separate pans, and are tested by another counter-weight, which is a slight fraction below the standard weight of the coin, from which the law allows a very slight deviation.

The blanks are now ready for milling, which is performed by a machine containing a circular plate, the outer edge of which is of steel, and which revolves within a strong band of the same material. The blank is carried by the revolution of the inner disk through the space between the working disk and the fixed band, and as this space is slightly less than the diameter of the blank, the pressure makes the fine indentations on the edges, and the milling is complete.

After being heated and blanched, the planchets are ready for the coining press. They are placed in a tube, and as each planchet reaches the bottom of this, it is seized by a pair of steel fingers and carried forward between the dies. While the latter are closing upon it and stamping the inscription on both sides, the steel fingers reach out for another piece of metal, convey it to the dies, then seize the coined piece, place it in a box, and then return for another blank. The speed of the coining press is estimated at about one hundred pieces a minute at the extreme limit, and the pressure exerted in stamping the coins varies from forty to two hundred tons, according to the denomination of the pieces.

WHITE POPPIES.

O mystic, mighty flower, whose frail white leaves,
Silky and crumpled like a banner furled,
Shadow the black mysterious seeds that yields
The drop that soothes and lulls a restless world;
Nepenthes for our woe, yet swift to kill,
Holding the knowledge of both good and ill.

The rose for beauty may outshine thee far,
The lily hold herself like some sweet saint
Apart from earthly grief, as is a star
Apart from any fear of earthly taint;
The snowy poppy like an angel stands
With consolation in her open hands.

Ere History was born, the poets sung
How godlike Thone knew thy compelling power,
And ancient Ceres, by strange sorrows wrung,
Sought sweet oblivion from thy healing flower.
Giver of Sleep! Lord of the Land of Dreams!
O simple weed, thou art not what man deems.

The clear-eyed Greeks saw oft their God of Sleep
Wandering about through the black midnight hours,
Soothing the restless couch with slumbers deep,
And scattering thy medicated flowers,
Till hands were folded for their final rest,
Clasping White Poppies o'er a pulseless breast.

We have a clearer vision; every hour
Kind hearts and hands the poppy juices mete,
And panting sufferers bless its kindly power,
And weary ones invoke its peaceful sleep.
Health has its Rose and Grape and joyful Palm,
The Poppy to the sick is wine and balm.

I sing the Poppy! The frail snowy weed!
The flower of Mercy! that within its heart
Doth keep "a drop serene" for human need,
A drowsy balm for every bitter smart.
For happy hours the Rose will idly blow—
The Poppy hath a charm for pain and woe.

[Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1208.]

A CONFIDENTIAL AGENT.

By JAMES PAYN,

Author of "At Her Mercy," "Bred in the Bone," "Beggar on Horseback," "Walter's Word," "Under One Roof," "High Spirits," etc.

CHAPTER XXIV.

MISTRESS AND MAID.

On the morning upon which Matthew Helston disappeared from the world of living men, leaving so small a gap, yet one which for two fond hearts at least was not to be filled up, Lady Pargiter rose earlier than was her wont after a ball night. Her face, never at its best in the morning hours, wore a look of care, and she had slept ill. To a close observer—and there was one in the person of her waiting-maid, Patty Selwood—she had an anxious air, as though, like poor Sabey, she too watched and waited in expectation of some tidings, not of a pleasant sort. Her tongue was silent, but ever and anon she seemed on the point of speech, while more than once, with an impatient movement of the head, she would look sharply up at Patty, when that damsel's attention was otherwise engaged, with a glance half of distrust, half of inquiry. Once Patty caught her at it in the wardrobe glass, and noticed that her ladyship turned scarlet, and bit her lip, with an expression that showed she was, in imagination, biting Patty.

How strange it is that though civilization progresses with such giant strides, Human Nature remains much where it was a thousand years ago, or perhaps a million! If servants had been serfs or vassals, as in the good old times, it is probable that Patty Selwood would have had as hard a time of it with her ladyship as ever had female slave with Roman mistress. It is my belief she would have put her in the pond that morning to feed lampreys, without a twinge of pity. Not, as in the historical case, because she had broken a vase, nor from simple cruelty; but because, for one thing, the girl possessed a secret of hers of the last importance, and for the other, that she kept an obstinate silence upon it to the only person to whom it was safe to speak of it, namely, herself. And she did so long to know if anything had occurred in connection with it.

Under such circumstances, it was a treat to watch Miss Selwood's face, who, perfectly conscious of what was expected of her, and resolute not to be the first to speak, exhibited not only the most complete *sang-froid*, but a certain innocent gayety in the performance of her duties, which almost drove the other distracted. She would smooth and smooth anew with the ivory brush the scanty locks of her mistress, as if in ecstasy at their silken softness; and she would set to work again and again upon the slantwise parting (for it was one of the troubles of her ladyship that nature had given her a tuft on the forehead which necessitated a détour), as though it were the one pleasure of her life to guide the plough of tortoise-shell upon that miniature mountain-side. At last, as though endurance was no longer possible, "How stupid you are, Selwood!" Lady Pargiter snapped out; "you have been more than half an hour doing my hair!"

"Indeed, my lady, I'm very sorry. I suppose it's the damp. What a day it is!—the streets are one mash of snow. And what a night it was! I don't think I ever heard the wind blow so, as when you sent after that poor Mr. Helston."

"Hold your tongue, you fool!" said Lady Pargiter, vehemently. "Did I not tell you never to allude to that matter?"

"Yes, my lady; I ask your pardon for mentioning it again even between ourselves. For my part, I'm the last one to blab, especially when so much—will you wear your steel or your silver châtelaine, my lady?—when so very much, as you said last night, might depend upon it."

Again those prominent upper teeth of Lady Pargiter came out above her under lip, and tore at it with impotent fury; she looked more like a horse than ever, and one that had taken to cribbing. As she did not speak, however, Miss Selwood continued, in her smoothest tone: "As far as I am concerned, my lady, you may depend on it no word shall pass my lips. But as to sending after the person in question, Harvey went hisself, and must therefore know it happened—so far."

"Is it Harvey's turn in the hall this morning?"

"No, my lady."

"Not that it matters, of course; nothing is less likely than that any question should be asked of him. But—what time is it?"

"Half past ten, my lady."

"So late!" Lady Pargiter drew a deep breath of relief. "Ill news flies apace, so it is clear that nothing is known of anything wrong in Poulet Street. We should have heard of it soon enough, had it been otherwise."

"Oh, but we *have* heard, my lady."

"What?" Lady Pargiter rose from her chair, and turned upon her waiting-maid like a tigress; so fiercely flashed her eyes that Patty, with great promptness, shifted the chair on which the other had been sitting, so as still to keep it between them. "Something has happened, then, and you have dared to keep it from me?"

"Nay, I dared not tell it to you, my lady," pleaded Patty, with a show of terror that was not wholly genuine. She had had many a sharp, insulting word from her mistress, but she was by no means afraid of her. As love in its completeness is incompatible with fear, so is extreme hate, and Patty hated Lady Pargiter very cordially. It was her *rôle*, however, on this occasion to simulate alarm and submission. "Did not your ladyship lay express commands on me not to mention the subject, and repeat them to me this very morning?" But even while she said the words, she could not restrain "the laughing devil in her eye"—the imp of delight that rejoices in another's pain, while it affects to sympathize with it.

"You lie," cried Lady Pargiter, sternly, "and you know that I know it. You take pleasure in the anxiety which I suffer." She paused a little, and then went on, in low but distinct tones: "You think you have an easy place here, no doubt, with opportunities for thieving; and you have taken advantage of them. It is convenient, too, to be under the same roof with Harvey—ah, you"—here the torrent of her wrath was for an instant delayed for an epithet; at last she found one—"you swine! You thought because I chose to shut my eyes that I was blind. I could turn you out today without a character, or one that would be worse than none, and into the street—do you understand?"

"Oh, I understand, my lady."

There was something in the girl's voice—a concentration of such exceeding bitterness and malignity—that it arrested Lady Pargiter's fury in mid-volley. "How can you be so foolish, then," she continued, in milder tones, "to tempt me to such extremities? I have had an almost sleepless night with thinking of that Helston—'poor Mr. Helston,' as you just now called him to annoy me—as you might have guessed by my very looks. You must have known, too, my anxiety to learn what has happened, Selwood, and yet you would not open your mouth. Had I not reason to be angry, then, and to say things which, in cold blood, I should not have said? The black silk dress of which you spoke to me yesterday need not go to the milliner's; you may have it for yourself."

"Thank you, my lady."

Lady Pargiter was once more seated before the dressing-table, but Patty was busying herself at the chest of drawers; she could not trust her face to be read in the mirror for a moment or two; and it had been no easy task to reply to her ladyship's generous offer in quiet, though it must be confessed far from grateful, tones.

"I hate quarrelling with an old servant," continued Lady Pargiter, "and am always sorry when I have said anything harsh to her."

"I am sure you are sorry, my lady," answered Patty, in a voice that she did her best not to render significant. "I think you said you would wear your steel châtelaine this morning?"

To this, though manifestly intended for her aggravation, as procrastinating the important subject in hand, Lady Pargiter made no reply; she was content to consider it as her waiting-maid's parting shot, after which there was to be peace between them.

"Well, Patty, and what has happened in Poulet Street?"

"I don't know as to that, my lady, but there have been two messengers here this morning, one from Mr. Signet's place, and one (as I understand) from Mr. Helston's house, to ask what has become of him."

"What has become of him!" gasped Lady Pargiter, like a fifth-rate, or exhausted, echo.

"Yes, my lady; he has disappeared—that's what they say—with your ladyship's jewels; and they came here understanding that Sir Charles had given him shelter for the night. Take a good draught of the sal volatile, ma'am: a good sniff of the salts. Now you find yourself better, don't you?"

It was not often that Lady Pargiter "gave way" except to fits of passion, but for the moment she had been on the verge of a fainting fit. Her face was quite white, save for the tip of her nose, which retained its incandescence. "I hear from Blake, ma'am, as saw the lady—"

"What lady?"

"Well, I suppose Mr. Helston's wife; she came in a cab after the other one, and in a most dreadful twitter. She had a baby, it seems, quite recent—"

"Rubbish!" exclaimed Lady Pargiter. "Who cares about the woman or her baby either? All this is only what was to be expected; I felt it would come, last night. There is a regular plot on foot against me."

"A plot, my lady?"

"Of course there is; they will try to make out that I have got the diamonds—that the man left them with me, don't you understand?"

"I think I do, my lady. And what your ladyship wants," she added, with simplicity—"supposing the diamonds are not found—is to make Mr. Signet pay you £25,000 in place of them?"

"Of course I shall make him pay it."

"Only if he knew what *we* know," observed Miss Selwood, with an air of careless inquiry, "there would be some difficulty about that?"

"It would cause delay, no doubt," returned Lady Pargiter, speaking very quietly, but between her closed teeth, and tapping the floor with her foot; "that is why I enjoin silence upon you—the most absolute silence, and also on Harvey. See to that at once."

"But supposing I was asked whether—"

"Hush; be silent; you will not be asked. They will not dare to ask *me* even. But if they did, I should deny it. It is necessary to lie when one has to deal with liars."

Here there was a knock at the door, which Patty opened a little way.

"There is a man below-stairs, my lady, who wishes to speak to you."

"A man? What man? Not Mr. Signet?" she added, in a fierce whisper.

"No, my lady, a stranger. He says if it is not convenient, he will call again, but that his business is pressing."

"Let him wait; I will see him." Then, in impatient reference to certain finishing touches which Patty was giving to her costume, "There, that will do. Do I look pale, or flurried?"

"You look quite yourself, my lady," answered Patty, in a tone that seemed to imply that was the perfection of feminine appearance.

"You're a good girl, Patty. I was thinking of giving you a little present at Christmas, but you may as well have it to-day. Here is a five-pound note."

"Thank you, my lady."

"You understand that not a word is to pass your lips of what took place last night?"

"I quite understand, my lady."

Lady Pargiter swept out of the room in her grandest style—a third-rate sort of haughtiness, which reminded one of the minuet just as a barrel-organ might be suggestive of an oratorio.

Miss Selwood looked on admiringly till the last skirt of her mistress's train had cleared the doorway; then a frown came over her pretty face, and she clinched her little fist. "'You swine,' you called me, did you? And a swine is a pig, I believe. Very well, my lady."

CHAPTER XXV.

AN ADMISSION.

Lady Pargiter was not a dull woman; she had a great deal of that sort of knowingness which among men is called cunning, and a piercing eye for the main chance; but she was ignorant in quite an extraordinary degree. Her father, the money-lender, had not given her even the education that women of her class are usually possessed of; perhaps he felt that she would have money enough to atone for all deficiencies, or, having done without education of any kind himself—and so very well, as he judged—he attached no importance to it. She wrote a good hand, "quite a business hand," he used proudly to say, and it certainly was not a lady's hand; but her spelling was infamous. In that branch of polite learning, however, many a public-school boy is deficient; English literature and modern history and geography are ignored in those seminaries. I met a boy the other day who was considered a classical prodigy, and had taken a "double remove," who had never *heard* of Cherbourg. But then he had the ancient towns of the Peloponnesus at his fingers' ends. Now Lady Pargiter knew no more of the Peloponnesus than she did of Cherbourg. When the public-school boy grows up, he can not help, any more than other men, acquiring a certain amount of general information from newspapers or conversation: while her ladyship had acquired nothing. She never read anything in the newspapers except the "Fashionable Intelligence," and her talk was on the same topic. The philosopher who observed that everybody could acquire information who was fool enough to waste his time in so doing, though it was ten to one that he would afterward turn out a bore, has my warmest admiration. When you once take to improving your mind, there is no knowing where to stop; you go through so much to attain so little, that the temptation is enormous to make other people aware of your labors; but to be absolutely ignorant of affairs that are going on about you, is to become a nuisance in another way. You are like a person who has a sense deficient, and are a drag upon the social wheel. Before persons of intelligence, who had the honor of Lady Pargiter's acquaintance, addressed her, they had to take precautions to be understood; it was almost as bad as practicing the deaf-and-dumb alphabet. The wife of a country squire, whom he had cruelly snatched from a very agreeable metropolitan circle, once informed me that after many years' experience of Arcadia, she had arrived at the conclusion that not only did her neighbors discuss the same topics, but actually said the same things, according to the season of the year; that their remarks recurred, as it were, in cycles. Being so far apart, and also being destitute of any particular significance, the fact escapes the recognition of the ordinary observer; but that it may be the case is certain from what has been done at whist. In order to fairly try the skill of one pair of partners against another it has been found necessary to note the hands that are dealt to each, and to give them the same hands, but *vice versa*, six months afterward: all recollection of them has by that time been effaced, and they have become practically new.

But Lady Pargiter did not vary her conversation with the seasons; for she knew only one, namely, the London season. The last ball, and the next one, were her only topics. To listen to any other was a strain upon her attention, and the attention of a lady with £30,000 a year, and diamonds worth a year's income, should not be strained. On any occasion, however, on which the commonest knowledge was of real importance, Lady Pargiter was at a great disadvantage; and such an occasion had now arisen.

[to be continued.]

SPARE THE TREES.

The tree may be described as a rooted animal, whose function it is to equalize the electrical conditions of the atmosphere and the earth, to purify the air we breathe, to exhale large quantities of aqueous vapor, and, by so doing, to modify both the temperature and the dryness of that aerial ocean in which it expands its foliage, to check the evaporation of moisture from the soil, and to promote the conduction of water to it, and thus to assist in the formation of those subterranean springs which become the sources of perennial streams and majestic rivers.

When I say that a tree is a rooted animal, I do so advisedly. Its vital functions are analogous to ours. The spongioles at its roots select and absorb the food which it draws from the soil, in much the same way as that in which the lacteals of the human stomach act; this food is converted into sap, or blood, and its circulation is arterial and venous, like our own. The tree breathes, as we do, its leaves being its lungs; and the process of respiration is effected by means of the air-cells on the lower surface of the leaf, just as some insects breathe through the pores of their skin. In the hydrangea there are as many as sixteen thousand of these little air-holes in every square inch of the leaf; and in the yucca, or Adam's-needle, there are no less than forty thousand in the same space. Each of these inhales carbonic acid, and exhales oxygen, just as we inhale oxygen, and exhale carbonic acid. And a living tree maintains a uniformity of temperature, just as the human body does. It has its hours of sleep, as we have, and its period of growth, maturity, reproduction, and decay, as we have.

As an agent for the purification of the atmosphere, the value of the tree is incalculable. Professor Asa Gray, speaking of the Washington elm, at Cambridge, states that it is estimated to have produced an annual crop of seven millions of leaves, exposing a surface of five acres of foliage to the air. And as every inch of that foliage embraces many thousands of respiratory tubes, each incessantly engaged in giving off oxygen so long as it is exposed to the action of the light, we may imagine the beneficent part which a forest plays in relation to the supply of the vivifying principle for our own lungs and blood; and we may also estimate what we suffer, in the privation of it, by herding together in large cities, and breathing a poisoned or deteriorated atmosphere.

The influence of the forest on the humidity of the air and the earth is due to a variety of causes. In the first place, the tree, in respiration, while decomposing the carbonic acid, sets free a certain quantity of vapor. Not only so, but a portion of the moisture which is drawn up from the soil is given off by cutaneous transpiration, in the same way that vapor escapes from our bodies. In the second place, by sheltering the ground beneath them, shade trees protect it against solar irradiation. Thirdly, as trees—according to experiments which have been made in Europe—maintain at all seasons a constant mean temperature of 54° Fahrenheit, the vapor which is held in suspension by the atmosphere, when the heat of this is higher than that of the forest, coming in contact with the latter, is condensed, and falls in the shape of fine rain, or of "drip." This is a phenomenon constantly observable in wooded elevations, like the Dandenong Ranges, for example, and those pure ice-cold springs, which come leaping down the shaggy slopes of the mountains, making sweet music as they babble and gurgle, foam and eddy, in the green twilight of the lovely fern-tree cloister overhead, are but the vapor floating in the air, transmuted into sparkling runnels and stainless cataracts by the action of the gigantic eucalypti, which lift their lordly heads with such a majesty of mien above the crest of those purple hills.

Strip the ranges of their crown of glory, without replanting them, and each stream and creek would forthwith disappear. The winter rains would wash every inch of surface soil off the mountains; and then, when the bed-rock had been stripped quite naked, a heavy fall of rain would rebound from the impervious declivities into the circumjacent valleys, and devastating inundations would denude these of their alluvium and sweep it into the sea. Instead of green pastures and blooming orchards, and fruitful vineyards and pleasant gardens, you would see a bare and arid plain, treeless and waterless, except in the winter, when a tropical down-pour would fill the otherwise dry beds of what are now permanent creeks with turbulent torrents.

France, with other countries, has more than once paid the penalty of this wholesale destruction of timber. Hill-side forests were cut down; there was nothing to arrest the rain, and to conduct it through a mass of vegetable humus into the subsoil, perforated and rendered permeable by the far-reaching roots of the trees, from whence it would find its way into under-ground reservoirs, constituting the fountain-heads of never-failing springs. And thus, when the snows melted, or when there was a heavy rain-fall, floods of disastrous violence occurred. That of 1840, in the valley of the Rhone, destroyed property of the value of seventy-two millions of francs. Those

of 1846 occasioned a loss of forty-five millions of francs; that of May, 1856, laid a million of acres, including many towns and villages, under water in the valley of the Loire; while in the valley of the Rhone its effects are described as having been as calamitous as if the whole country had been occupied by an invading army; and the flood of 1875 was even more calamitous. More recently all Europe was moved by the afflicting narrative of the appalling inundations by which so large a portion of the Spanish province of Murcia was devastated. And here again outraged nature visited upon man the penalties of his own misdeeds. Warning voices were lifted up against the reckless war which was being everywhere waged against what little live timber yet remains in Spain, and the government, the various municipalities, and the land-owners of the country were entreated to take some steps for the replantation of the mountain slopes; but it was all of no avail. The leading newspaper of Madrid in an excellent article on this subject has pointed out that the evils resulting from periods of protracted drought, alternating with heavy rain-falls, occasioning floods, are alarmingly on the increase, and an earnest appeal is addressed to the patriotism and public spirit of Spaniards to concert measures for rescuing the country from such perils.

Just before this frightful disaster, Hungary was visited by one of a similar character, attributable to a like cause, and attended with a correspondingly deplorable sacrifice of human life and valuable property. The county town Szegedin, a place containing nearly forty thousand inhabitants, was swept away in a few hours, and the swollen waters of the Theiss, augmented to the proportions of a lake, overwhelmed a busy and prosperous community by a general ruin. The Theiss rises in the Carpathians, and in those mountains, as elsewhere, the hand of the spoiler has been at work; the forests have been felled, without any systematic attempt at replantation, and outraged nature visits upon the heads of the malefactors the righteous retribution of their shameful rapine.

GIVE THEM NOW.

If you have gentle words and looks, my friends,
To spare for me—if you have tears to shed
That I have suffered—keep them not, I pray,
Until I hear not, see not, being dead.

If you have flow'rs to give—fair lily buds,
White roses, daisies (meadow-stars that be
Mine own dear namesakes)—let them smile and make
The air, while yet I breathe it, sweet for me.

For loving looks, though fraught with tenderness,
And kindly tears, though they fall thick and fast,
And words of praise, alas! can naught avail
To lift the shadows from a life that's past.

And rarest blossoms, what can they suffice,
Offered to one who can no longer gaze
Upon their beauty? Flow'rs in coffins laid
Impart no sweetness to departed days.

THE "VILLAGE OF PALACES."

THIS high-sounding title was the name given in ancient times to the suburb of London now called Chelsea. In the eighteenth century Chelsea consisted of a line of gentlemen's residences extending about a mile along the river from the Hospital to the western boundary. Here and there in front were a few thatched fishermen's cottages, perched on the brick wall of the river beside the numerous flights of water-stairs. Behind was the open country, into which only two little streets, Lawrence Street and Church Lane, attempted to penetrate. At present the old mansions, with their heavy architraves, have disappeared, and of the trees that formed the shady boulevard only a few specimens remain. Many names connected with old memories which seemed to hallow the spot have passed away, and we look in vain for Queen Elizabeth's Walk or the Bishop's Walk. The principal houses of which portions still exist are Walpole's House, Gough House, Blackland's, and the Rectory.

The foundation of Chelsea's prosperity was undoubtedly laid by Sir Thomas More. If he was not the first London magnate who built a mansion there, he certainly was the first who drew attention to the advantages of the place. For him, no doubt, it had exceptional attractions, having on one side Westminster Abbey, and on the other the ancient residence of the Bishop of London. The house of More was a few hundred yards west of the church, and although so many eminent men once trod its floors, we gain our best information about it from one who was never there. "It was not mean," says Erasmus, "nor invidiously grand, but comfortable." The mansion underwent many changes. Two years after More's execution it was granted to Sir W. Paulet, and from his widow it passed to Lord Dacre. This nobleman had no children, and after his death and that of Lady Dacre it became the property of the great Lord Burleigh. The latter seems to have made it over to his younger son, Robert, Earl of Salisbury, who rebuilt the house, wishing, perhaps, to vie with the palace erected by Henry VIII., and to have a place worthy to receive Queen Elizabeth, who came to dine with his neighbor, Lord Howard. His initials long remained upon the pipes and upon other parts of the house.

Salisbury House, as it was now called, was sold by the Earl, and it became the property of Sir Henry Clinton, after which it passed into the hands of Sir Arthur Gorges, who married the daughter of that nobleman. When, in 1619, Sir Arthur sold the mansion to Cranfield, subsequently Earl of Middlesex, it was called "the greatest house in Chelsea." It had "two fore great courts adjoining, environed with brick walls, also a wharf lying in front, having a high tower on the east and west ends, and a high water tower standing upon the west corner of the wharf, and the water-course belonging thereto. An orchard, a garden having a peryment standing up in the middle, and a terrace on the north thereof, with a banqueting house at the east end of the terrace, having a marble table in it. A great garden dovecote close containing five acres; the kitchen yard, brick barn close, containing ten acres." Lord Middlesex sold Salisbury House to Charles I., who granted it to that magnificent and obsequious courtier the Duke of Buckingham. The house after this was called Buckingham House, and at the time of the Duke's death his son was only a boy. The house at Chelsea came for some time into the possession of his daughter and her husband, the Duke and Duchess of Richmond and Lennox, and some of the few "happy days of Charles I." were those in which he went in his barge to visit them at their beautiful residence on the banks of the Thames. Afterward the mansion was seized by the Parliament and committed to the custody of John Lisle. It is somewhat remarkable that so many of the owners of this house met with violent deaths, for, not to mention More's execution, the Duke of Buckingham was assassinated at Portsmouth, and John Lisle was shot at Lausanne. The second Duke of Buckingham recovered his property on the Restoration, and it is probable that he let this residence, which was sold to his creditors in 1664. The description of the house in which Lord Sandwich lodged seemed to point to it, for it had a banqueting house, and we read of the fine prospect there was from More's garden.

Another remarkable personage who resided for a time at Chelsea with Queen Catherine, both before and after her marriage with Seymour, was Lady Jane Grey. She preferred the palace to her home, being from childhood devoted to study, and glad to escape from the severe rule of her father and mother, who had no sympathy with such tastes. On one occasion, when she was fourteen, we find them hunting in the park, while their daughter was sitting in the house reading the Phædon of Plato.

At the middle of the seventeenth century there were five large mansions at Chelsea—the Palace, the Manor-House, Salisbury House, Stanley House, and Shrewsbury House. The site of the ancient Manor-House is still marked by the names Lordship Place and Lordship Yard, designating a row of houses in a narrow street, and a small yard opposite them, near the river, between Cheyne Row and Lawrence Street. Here stood in early times the principal out-offices in the neighborhood—the barns and stables of the lord of the manor. To these the destitute often fled to obtain shelter or other relief in severe weather, and here not unfrequently they died miserably. This place, also, long continued to be a terror to vagrants and evil-doers, as here stood a cage and a pair of stocks for their correction. These "state machines," which had been removed elsewhere—probably when the barns and stables were pulled down by Charles Cheyne shortly before 1681—were replaced in the following year. Sir Thomas and Lady Laurence, the latter of whom died in 1723, were the last of the family who resided here; and William, Lord Cheyne, had already, in 1706, bought from John Laurence, heir-apparent to the property, "three messuages and gardens on the north side of Lordship Yard," which either included or appertained to the old Manor-House. The palace and manor of Chelsea were granted by Charles I. to the Duke of Hamilton, and after that nobleman had been beheaded by Cromwell, they were seized and sold by order of Parliament.

In 1609 King James founded his famous College at Chelsea for the defense of true religion, and "for the refuting of errors and heresies repugnant to the same." Fuller and Stowe describe the institution as a sort of spiritual garrison, with a magazine of all books for this purpose, where learned divines should study and write in maintenance of all controversies against the Papists. On its site Charles II. erected the Royal Hospital. The inception of this project is accredited to Nell Gwynne. Bryan tells us:

"The King was sitting in his chariot with poor Nell Gwynne, when, observing her unusually pensive, he asked,

"'What ails thee, Nell?'

"She replied: 'A dream I had last night troubleth me sore.'

"'What was thy dream, Nell?'

"'Methought I was in the fields at Chelsea, and slowly and majestically there rose before mine eyes a beautiful palace of a thousand chambers; and in and out thereat walked divers many old and worn-out soldiermen. Some had lost a leg, some an arm, others were blind of one eye, many bore piteous scars of old wounds in the wars upon their wrinkled faces, and all of them were aged and past service. But none of them looked ill at ease, and as they went out, and as they came in, the old men cried, "God bless King Charles!" and I awoke and was sore discomfited that it was only a dream.'

"'Cheer up, Nell,' said the King. 'Thy dream shall be fulfilled. Mayhap thou shalt yet see old soldiers come in and go out crying, "God bless King Charles!"'"

The monarch did violence to his infirmity and kept his word. The architect employed was the great Christopher Wren; and few can pass this building, as it stands at the present day, without being impressed with the strength and symmetry of its designs. No doubt Wren would have liked some better material than brick; but the dullness has been relieved with stone dressings. The grounds of the Hospital now extend over sixty acres. They are a great boon to the inhabitants of Chelsea, as, excepting a small portion, they are open to the public, although the gates are closed once in the year to maintain the right of exclusion.

Separated a few yards from the western wing of the Hospital stands a red brick building surrounded by a garden. This is now the Infirmary, but it was once the mansion of Sir Robert Walpole. The great statesman seems to have employed Vanbrugh in improving his house in 1725, and to have been very particular in his directions, for there is a letter to him on the subject from the dramatist-architect concluding with the words: "You shall know the bottom of it at last, or the devil shall be in it." We may regard this house as a central mark in the history of Chelsea. Walpole was fond of pictures, and upon his walls hung the choicest efforts of the old Italian masters. Although he had an official residence in Whitehall, and a country-seat in Norfolk, this was frequently his residence after 1723, during the zenith of his power. Here were lovely gardens, conservatories full of exotics, a summer-house, and a grotto. Such was the taste of the day. A garden was at that time considered incomplete without one of these artificial caverns adorned with curious stones and mirrors and bedizened with colored glass. Pope had one, so had Queen Caroline, and Lady Walpole could not be left behind in the competition. We read of her receiving shells for it from Guernsey, Jersey, Sark, and Alderney:

"Whilst patriots murmur at the weight
Of taxes that support the state,
See how the isles obeisance pay
To W-lp-e's most auspicious sway!
Each little isle with generous zeal
Sends grateful every precious shell—
Shells in which Venus and her train
Of nymphs ride stately o'er the main.
(The rarities in South Sea found
In these thrice happy isles abound)—
To make the W-lp-e grotto fine,
And rival grotto Caroline."

The poem terminates with reflections upon the dangerous luxury of the times.

One of the great features of ancient Chelsea was the Bun-house. A great making of buns was always begun here three weeks before Good-Friday. "Pray are not the fine buns sold here in our town?" Swift asks of Stella. "Was it not *R-r-r-r-r-are Chelsea buns?*" This refers apparently to a street cry, afterward changed to the bellman's "Smoking hot, piping hot Chelsea buns." The Bun-house, in its best days, belonged to the Hands, a family connected with the Gwynnes, and the "Nell Gwynne" public-house stood hard by. At one time it was a great institution. George II. and Queen Caroline, George III. and Queen Charlotte, often visited it. The building was fifty feet long, with only a ground-floor, and a heavy roof, supported by pillars, projecting over the foot-way of the street. Inside the veranda large windows extended down the front, at which customers could be served without entering the house. Within was a spacious room, and, as we are told, a "Chinese parlor." There was a collection of pictures, models, grotesque figures, and modern antiques, a statue of the Duke of Cumberland, a picture of the King and Queen, and in a place of honor the half-gallon silver mug presented by Queen Charlotte. There were also two leaden figures, nearly four feet high, of grenadiers in the high sugar-loaf caps and flap coats of 1745. Miss Manning thus describes one of the fashionable visitors of the Bun-house—Lady Betty Spadille, in the yellow autumn of life, with no resources but "Green Tea and Brag":

"How well I remember her arriving at our Bun-house in her peach-colored sacque, Mechlin head, and red-heeled shoes, the foreparts richly embroidered with silver; loudly talking and laughing, and turning her head right and left, now to this beau, now to t'other, who fluttered round her with their clouded canes and perfumed wigs; now bursting into what the French people call *des grands éclats de rire;* now flirting her fan, or rapping it on the shoulder of one of the ladies who accompany her......Meanwhile two tall lackeys, with immense shoulder-knots, bore between them a great hamper of French wine, while a little black page, in pale blue, laced with silver, tottered under the fruit from Roger's, and certainly it was very fine."

Brompton Hall at Chelsea was the favorite residence of Burleigh; and here he was sometimes visited by Queen Elizabeth. This house belonged some few years since to the Rev. T. Griffiths, and was in a fair state of preservation, so that the visitor could picture for himself the home of Burleigh with which the Queen was familiar. But the meetings between the astute statesman and his royal visitor have been commemorated rather by a tree than a hall; and a story is told, apparently with good foundation, that one day while they were walking together near his house a shower came on, and they took refuge under an elm. When the rain was over, and they emerged from the hospitable shelter, Burleigh said, "Let this tree be called the Queen's Elm;" and so it was as long as it lived. It was mentioned by this name in the parish books of Chelsea in 1586, and had an arbor built round it by a person named Bostock at the charge of the parish.

These are but a few of the famous buildings that once adorned the suburb of Chelsea, for here congregated the wealth, the talent, and the prestige of old England during two centuries. Even now the locality is far from being deserted by eminence and rank. Earl Cadogan, the lord of the manor, derives his title from the celebrated officer who fought in the wars under Marlborough, and succeeded him in the command of the army. He has been Under-Secretary successively for War and for the Colonies, and is not only remarkable for his administrative ability, but also for his generosity to the inhabitants of Chelsea, in giving free grants of land for public purposes, and in supporting the local charities. The profession of arms is represented by the Governor of the Royal Hospital, General Sir Patrick Grant, G.C.B., who greatly distinguished himself in the Sutlej and Punjab campaigns, in which he was severely wounded, and became successively Commander-in-Chief at Madras and Bengal, and Governor of Malta. Sir Charles Dilke, resident member for the borough, is a man known throughout England as a distinguished leader of the advanced Liberal party. He has also been successful in literature. But in this field Chelsea can boast a name which will never be forgotten. Cheyne Row has been honored by the presence of one of the most distinguished writers and philosophers of the age, who, from his love of retirement and seclusion, has succeeded to the title of the "hermit of Chelsea," originally conferred upon Smollett. Mr. Carlyle is now in his eighty-fifth year, and has resided in Chelsea for half a century. During that time his *Sartor Resartus*, *French Revolution*, and other celebrated works have appeared. Here probably he will end his days, and in the years to come his house will be pointed out to visitors as that which sheltered one of the greatest philosophers and thinkers of the nineteenth century.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"No," she said, as she sipped the cream it would take his last dime to pay for—"no, I never eat cake myself, but ma says she is getting awfully hungry for a piece of my wedding cake."

"Johnnie," said a systematic and indulgent father, "you have greatly offended me, and I shall be compelled to punish you; but as I never do anything rashly, I will give you time to prepare yourself. At what hour will you be ready?" "Well, governor," answered the youth of much classical development, "if you can make it convenient to meet me at the gymnasium at about 3 P.M., I think I can give you an energetic interview."

A lazy boy was complaining that his bed was too short, when his father sternly replied, "That is because you are always too long in it, sir."

"Oh, pa!" cried a little fellow upon seeing a trout for the first time, "it's got the measles, hasn't it?"

"No, ma'am," said a grocer to an applicant for credit, "I wouldn't trust my own feelings."

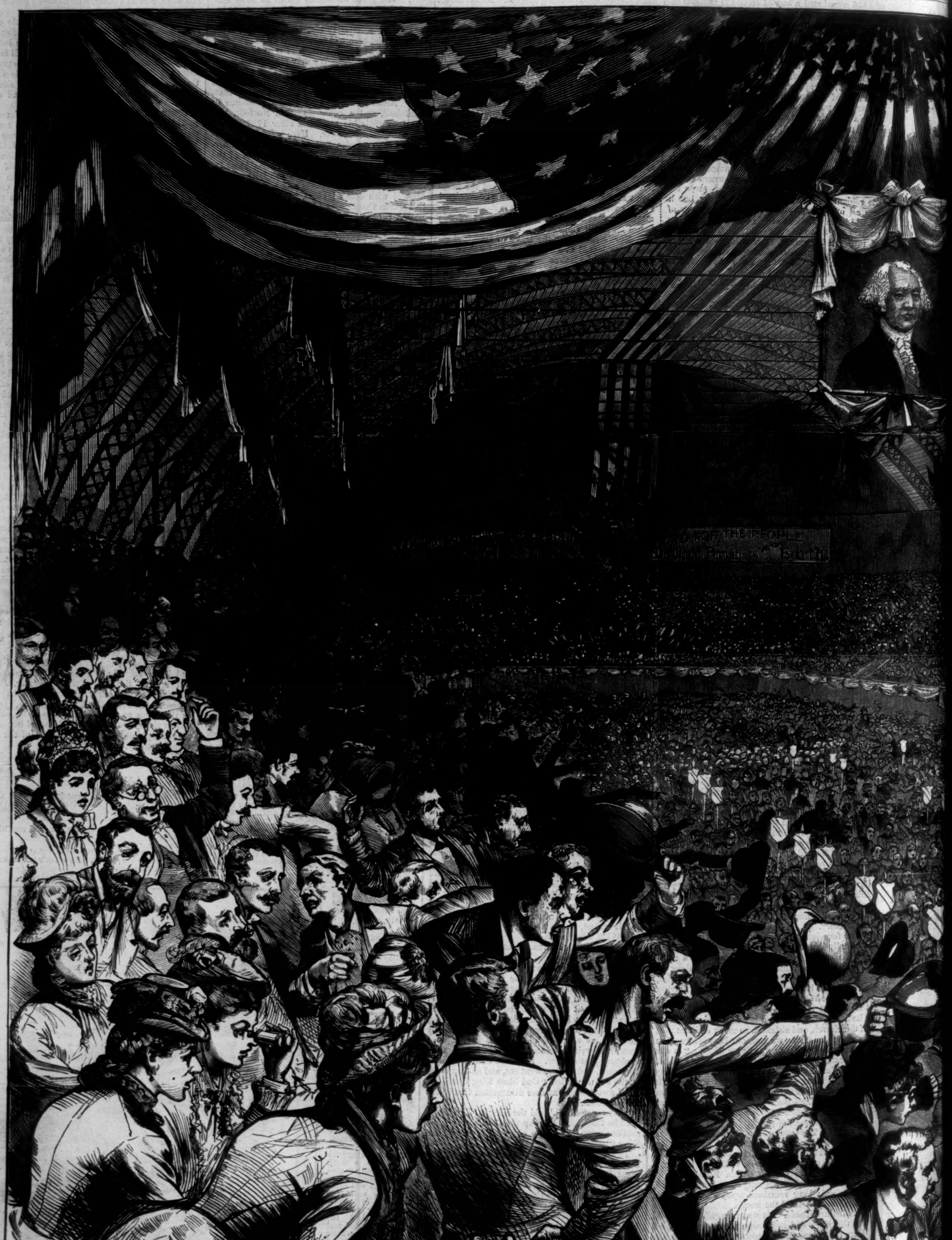
A man may smile and smile and continue to smile, and be a temperance orator.

A sad-looking man went into a drug store. "Can you give me," he asked, "something that will drive from my mind the thoughts of sorrow and bitter recollections?" And the druggist nodded, and put him up a little dose of quinine, and wormwood, and rhubarb, and epsom salts, and a dash of castor-oil, and gave it to him; and for six months the man couldn't think of anything in the world except new schemes for getting the taste out of his mouth.

The burglar-alarm is a great invention. It always warns the burglar in season for him to get out of the way before anybody can shoot.

PROFESSOR. "What is the fundamental condition of existence?"
STUDENT. "Time."
PROFESSOR. "How do you explain that?"
STUDENT. "Very easily. How can a person exist if he hasn't time for it?"

A SENSITIVE SOLE.
"There's a Peg in my Shoe somewhere, but I'm blowed if I kin see it."



THE REPUBLICAN NATIONAL CONVENTION AT CH[ICA]GO

CH GO.—From a Sketch by Frank H. Taylor.—[See Page 394.]

THE REPUBLICAN NATIONAL CONVENTION.

THE Republican National Convention at Chicago organized on the 2d of June, with the Hon. GEORGE F. HOAR, of Massachusetts, as temporary chairman. Considerable time was consumed in calling the roll of States and Territories for the appointment of committees, and for the presentation of credentials. Contests were announced in Alabama, Arkansas, Louisiana, Pennsylvania, Utah, and ten districts of Illinois. Mr. CONGER, of Michigan, was elected chairman of the Committee on Credentials. General GARFIELD was made chairman on that on Rules. The Committee on Permanent Organization voted by 31 to 9 to propose Mr. HOAR as President of the Convention. At three o'clock the Convention adjourned to the next day.

On the second day the permanent organization of the Convention was effected by the choice of Mr. HOAR as President, and the election of Vice-Presidents and Secretaries. A recess was then taken to five o'clock. There was a sharp passage of arms between Mr. CONKLING, and Mr FRYE, of Maine, in which the tables were neatly turned upon the Senator from New York. The evening was consumed in skirmishing, and the Convention adjourned for the day without accomplishing any definite results.

Business was opened on the third day by Senator CONKLING, who moved a resolution pledging each delegate to support the nominee of the Convention, whoever he might be. The resolution was adopted almost unanimously, three West Virginia delegates casting the only votes in the negative. Mr. CONKLING then moved that these delegates, by refusing to abide by the action of the Convention, had forfeited and had ceased to deserve their seats in the Convention. A very warm debate ensued, in which the West Virginia delegates ably and eloquently defended their right to individual freedom of opinion and action. General GARFIELD expressed his fear that the Convention was about to commit a great error. Every delegate except three had voted for the resolution, and each of these three, it was understood, intended to support the nominee of the Convention, but did not regard the passage of the resolution as wise. He asked, "Are they to be disfranchised" for acting upon their own judgment? General GARFIELD, after speaking in warm terms of the character, standing, and services of the West Virginia delegates, closed by expressing the hope that Mr. CONKLING would now find it a matter of pleasure on his part to withdraw his resolution. After some hesitation, and evidently feeling that the resolution would be defeated if pressed, Mr. CONKLING withdrew it, and the matter was ended.

The reading of the reports of the committees on Rules and Credentials, and the admission of the anti-GRANT contestants from Illinois, completed the work of the day session. In the evening there was a spirited discussion on the Alabama cases, involving the right of district representation in the Convention, which was upheld by a vote of 449 against 306.

Saturday, the fourth day of the Convention, found the delegates physically wearied out by the intense heat and the long-continued strain of excitement. Upon re-assembling, the Convention decided the contested cases from Kansas, West Virginia, and Utah in favor of the contestants. The report of the Committee on Rules was then called up, and the rules were read, as was also a minority report against the anti-unit rule. Delay was asked for by the minority of the committee, which was advocated by General SHARPE, who also moved that the Convention immediately proceed to the nomination of a candidate for President. This was voted down by a large majority, and the rules reported by the majority of the committee were adopted. The unit rule was done away with.

The next thing in order was the adoption of a platform, which was reported by Mr. PIERREPONT, of New York. The platform affirms that the fruits of the costly victories won by the nation should be preserved, the Union perpetuated, and the liberties secured to this generation should be transmitted undiminished to future generations; that the credit acquired should never be impaired; that the Constitution of the United States is a supreme law, and not a mere contract, and that the boundary between powers delegated and reserved is to be determined by the national and not by the State tribunals; that it is the duty of the national government to aid in the work of popular education; that State Legislatures should be forbidden by the Constitution to make appropriations of public funds to the support of sectarian schools; that revenue duties should favor American labor; that no further grants of land should be made to corporations; that polygamy must be abolished, and the rights of adopted American citizens be protected; that Chinese immigration should be restricted; that the administration of President HAYES deserves to be commended; that the Democratic party is to be charged with the habitual sacrifice of patriotism and justice to a supreme and insatiable lust of office and patronage, and that it would be dangerous to intrust to it the dearest interests of our country at this time.

To the report of the committee was added a resolution, proposed from Massachusetts, committing the party unreservedly to civil service reform. This was adopted by a *viva voce* vote.

The evening session was taken up by the presentation of candidates. Mr. JOY, of Michigan, presented the name of Mr. JAMES G. BLAINE, seconded by Mr. PIXLEY, of California, and Mr. FRYE, of Maine. Mr. E. F. DRAKE, of Minnesota, presented the name of Mr. WINDOM, of that State. Senator CONKLING, in an impressive manner, then presented the name of General GRANT, seconded by Mr. BRADLEY, of Kentucky. The name of Secretary SHERMAN was presented by General GARFIELD, seconded by Mr. WINKLER, of Wisconsin, and Mr. ELLIOTT (colored), of South Carolina. Mr. BILLINGS, of Vermont, proposed Mr. EDMUNDS, of that State, seconded by Mr. SANFORD, of Massachusetts; and Mr. CASSIDY, of Wisconsin, proposed Mr. E. B. WASHBURNE, of Illinois, seconded by Mr. BRANDAGEE, of Connecticut.

The Convention then adjourned to meet at ten o'clock Monday morning.

On Monday morning the Convention was called to order at about half past ten, and after prayer, as on the preceding days, Mr. HALE moved that the Convention proceed to ballot for President. The building was thronged with members and spectators, and on the outside was an immense audience, waiting to receive the announcement of the proceedings. The first ballot resulted as follows: GRANT, 304; BLAINE, 284; SHERMAN, 93; WASHBURNE, 30; EDMUNDS, 34; WINDOM, 10. Up to the hour of going to press, twenty-eight ballots had been taken without material variation from the first. At half past ten P.M. the Convention adjourned to ten o'clock Tuesday morning. The last ballot stood as follows: GRANT, 308; BLAINE, 278; SHERMAN, 91; WASHBURNE, 35; EDMUNDS, 31; WINDOM, 10; GARFIELD, 2.

A CHARMING PICKPOCKET.

MISS ILLIONE HOWELL sits on the top step of the back porch of the Pebble House, gazing out upon the river—blue as the sky above it, and almost as bright—which flows gently by at the foot of the garden.

Everything looks bright and beautiful this warm, pleasant, fragrant October day. The garden walks, formed of many small glittering stones, encircle the beds of autumn flowers and plots of feathery grass like broad gray ribbons thickly sewn with precious gems; and the little summer and bath houses, built of some dark wood, and incrusted with more brilliant pebbles, gleam and glow through the trees at the water's edge, as the homes of the diamond gnomes must gleam and glow in the heart of the dark brown earth. Nor does the sheen and glitter end with them, for the Pebble House itself is decorated around each window and door—imbedded in some mysterious manner in the frames—with many-colored stones, each one sparkling bravely in pygmy mimicry of the setting sun.

But loveliest of all things that adorn this wonderful October day—lovelier than flashing river, gleaming sunshine-steeped pebbles, flaming gladioles, and bee-loved four-o'-clocks—is the lady, young and fair, with gold-brown hair, large blue-gray eyes, pale oval face, and sweet small mouth, leaning back against one of the pillars of the Pebble House porch, the red foliage of the Virginia creeper that enrobes it drooping over her beautiful head. There is a tender, dreamy look in her large eyes, and a soft smile about her prettily curved lips, as she sits there so motionless, gazing out upon the river. One can see at once that she is wandering in dream-land; but, alas! she is doomed to be rudely recalled to earth again.

"Kleptomania *indeed!*" says a loud girlish voice near her, and Miss Ada Warden, a little brunette with magnificent black eyes and heavy black eyebrows, comes suddenly out on the porch, arm in arm with her inseparable friend Linda Lees, whose eyes are as blue as Ada's are black, and whose eyebrows are the faintest shadows of those belonging to her friend. "Why do they never call it that when the—the—"

"Kleptomaniac," drawls Linda, sinking into an easy-chair, and clasping her pretty hands above her head with a generous yawn that seems to indicate her weariness of the subject.

"Oh, thanks!" continues Ada, in the same loud voice, swinging her broad-brimmed hat carelessly to and fro—"kleptomaniac to be sure—happens to be a poor wretch who steals a loaf of bread or something of that sort?"

"Don't look at me, Ada dear," Miss Howell begs, in tones that would have delighted Shakspeare himself; "I'm sure *I* don't know," and *she* yawns too, but such a cunning little yawn, as though a red rose-bud had suddenly made up its mind to unfold into the smallest of red roses.

"Well, upon my word," exclaims Ada, indignantly, looking from one of her friends to the other, "you both appear to be in remarkable spirits this afternoon. I can't stand it. I must run away in search of some one less boisterous. No, I won't, either, for here comes Herbert Moore, my cousin of cousins, attended, prince of good fellows as he is, by slaves bearing iced sherbets and cakes of dew and honey—that is, lemonade and macaroons. Girls, ain't you glad I've got such a duck of a cousin, and that I coaxed him to spend his vacation here instead of at Newport? And now for *his* opinion on the subject."

"What subject?" asks Herbert Moore. And then, without waiting for an answer, he turns to the lovely face inwreathed with the vine leaves, and says, "May I sit at your feet, Miss Howell? I've been roaming, I've been roaming, and I'm deu— Beg pardon—awfully tired."

"Wouldn't you rest better in a chair?" and she leans forward, with a bright smile on her lips and in her eyes.

"Not at all, thank you," seating himself a step or two below the lady.

"Mrs. Sherwood," begins Ada, between two bites of a macaroon.

"Oh, that affair of the diamond bracelet—poor thing!" says the young man.

"What, do you believe in kleptomania?" drawls Linda, from her easy-chair.

"That's the way they explain it," Ada goes on. "She has been an innocent picker-up of costly trifles since her childhood, her father at first, and then her husband, refunding. But Mr. Brown, the jeweller, with a heart as hard as his diamonds, threatened prosecution, and only consented to a compromise on condition that he should be allowed to warn his brethren of gems and gold. And so it all came out. Oh dear, what a shocking thing, especially when one remembers that the—the—"

"Kleptomaniac," Linda again lazily suggests.

"More thanks, Linda love—that the kleptomaniac came near being one of one's intimate friends. *Do* say something, Herbert."

"The most charming girl I ever met in my life," Herbert responded, gravely, "was a pickpocket."

Miss Warden chokes with her lemonade, Miss Lees drops her hands from their favorite position above her head into her lap, with an echo of the word "pickpocket," and Miss Howell looks down on the young man with a questioning look in her lovely eyes.

"Tell us instantly, Herbert, that's a darling," gasps Ada, and Herbert obeys.

"Last winter, coming home to my lodging one night, just after parting with my old chum George Cuthbert, Ada—"

Miss Warden, with a toss of her curly head and a flush on her brown cheeks, commands, "Don't address yourself altogether to me, sir. It isn't polite."

"Beg pardon," says Herbert, mischievously, "but, for some reason or other, I always think of you when I think of George. Well, I'd seen George off to Europe that afternoon, after we'd roomed together for four years without quarrelling once. I wonder if that could be said of any two women?" He pauses, but his audience maintaining a dignified silence, proceeds with his story. "I naturally felt very lonely after his departure, and being unable to read, and in no humor to make calls, I determined to go to some place of amusement. It was a cold night, and as Jack Frost and I never had been on very friendly terms, in order to avoid a protracted struggle with him, I selected the nearest theatre, regardless of what the performance was to be. It chanced that they were playing a most dismal piece."

"What was it?" asks Ada.

"Ada"—with great solemnity—"not for the world would I give any one, not even you, my gentle coz, a clew by which— Well, I was but just seated, when a most lovely girl, followed by her escort—a young man whose resemblance to her led me to believe him her brother—sank into the chair next me."

"What did she look like?" slyly questions Linda.

"Miss Lees, I must repeat the remark I made to my cousin a moment ago. No word or act of mine shall lead to the— Suffice it to say she *was* lovely. The curtain rose as soon as she had taken her seat, and from that instant her attention was riveted upon the stage. I was pleased to notice, however, she did not favor her companion with any gushing remarks about the handsome—"

"*Who?*" from Ada.

"No matter; and that she did not wear—"

"*What?*" from Linda.

"Either a bunch of violets or a Jacques rose. But I was not so well pleased to find that she seemed totally unconscious of my proximity, although she did accept a programme from my hand, in an absent-minded kind of way, without even a glance in my direction, while the young lady on the other side peeped coquettishly at me."

"You conceited fellow!" exclaims his cousin.

"She did, upon my honor, from behind her fan, every few minutes, and at last, gaining confidence, from the angelic expression of my countenance, no doubt, actually offered me a chocolate caramel."

"Why, Mr. Moore!"

"She did, Miss Lees, and I took it and ate it. She was about six, I should think. However, to go on with my story. In the third act, where—"

"*Rose Michel.*"

"*The Two Orphans.*"

"Neither. Where there is some very pathetic business, my charming neighbor began to weep, and reaching her little gray-kidded hand down by her side, took from the pocket of *my* coat *my* handkerchief—the last of that dozen of silk ones you brought me from Paris, Ada."

"Not really? And what did you do?"

"Nothing. Yes, I did; I laughed silently and long, till the flirt of the fan and the chocolate caramel said to me, reproachfully, 'Why do you laugh? It isn't funny.' And I watched *her* at the end of the play walking away in the most dignified manner, after carefully putting my handkerchief in her polocoat, or whatever you call it, pocket."

"'Twas all a mistake, you may depend upon it, Herbert. Last winter we wore our pockets so—so—"

Ada hesitates, and Linda, as usual, comes to her assistance: "In our back breadths."

"—that she— I mean no doubt your coat skirt was intruding upon the arm of her chair. And did you ever meet her again?"

"I did. And she immediately possessed herself, in just as guileless a manner as she possessed herself of my handkerchief, of something belonging to me, from my point of view infinitely more valuable."

"There's George, and we promised to go sailing with him. Come, Linda," shouts Ada, grasping her lazy friend by the arm; and as they ran down the steps she shouts back at her cousin, "If there's any more, tell us this evening, Herbert."

"*Is* there any more, Miss Howell?" asks Mr. Moore, rising, and standing face to face with the blushing girl.

"Should there be more?" she asks in return.

"Yes. 'And she gave him her heart in place of his own, and promised to be his true and faithful wife.' Do you approve of that ending for my story?"

"That would be a happy conclusion, I'm sure," laughs Illione. "I can think of no better one, *Herbert*."

And he draws her little hand within his arm, and they slowly saunter off toward the happy river.

ADVICE TO BRAIN-WORKERS.

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.

IN attempting to give a few words of plain and homely advice to brain-workers, I am really addressing a larger section of my readers than might at first be supposed. With an ever-increasing population, a gradual rise in the price to be paid for the bare necessities of life, and a consequent lessening of the value of money, the struggle for existence—in this country—is indeed a hard one, and becoming apparently year by year still more hard. In some measure, however, the fault is our own. We are not a contented race; we seem constantly to forget the fact that a contented mind conduces to longevity. We are unwilling to begin as our fathers began, in order to end as our fathers ended. The march is ever onward, the cry forever "forward." Hence we harass our brains, weaken both heart and nerves, and thus age ourselves in the race for wealth or position, which very often we can not enjoy when we obtain. It is often said, and with a great deal of truth too, that the abuse of vinous stimulants helps to fill our lunatic asylums; but the excitement inseparable from many forms of business sends its thousands annually to fill the dreary cells and wards of those institutions; and it is sad to think that some of our most hard-working and successful men fall victims, at the very prime of their lives and height of their ambition, to some obscure form of brain-disease.

Now, before going on to mention any of the more common affections to which the brain is liable, let me say a word or two about the organ itself, and the nervous system generally. The brain is situated within the skull, and is surrounded by and rests upon several membranes, which not only give it support mechanically, but feed it and supply it with food and nutrition in the shape of oxygenized blood. The spinal cord is, so to speak, a continuation of the neurine or brain matter; from the two proceed the nerves of voluntary motion and sensation, in the brain residing the ruling and guiding power that controls all our actions, and in it too the powers of intelligence, will, and emotion.

It is in the gray matter of the brain that nervous force is said to originate. This, when in a state of health, contains nerve-cells in abundance, and it is in it that impressions from without are stored up, considered, and acted upon; it is the seat of memory and of will. From it there branch off to every part of the body the nerves of sensation and voluntary motion. Connected with the brain and spinal cord is another set of nerves; this is called the sympathetic or ganglionic system, because it consists of a series of knots, or *ganglia*, placed on each side of the spinal cord, but joined to each other and to the brain by nervous filaments, etc. This system supplies branches to the heart, the lungs, and the internal viscera generally, these branches governing the motions of the organs to which they are supplied; they are called, therefore, the nerves of involuntary motion. Over them we have no control of mind; they act independently of all thought; the heart goes on beating, and the lungs breathing, even when we are fast asleep. But this we must remember, viz., that there is an intimate connection between even these nerves and the brain itself; so much do they act and react on each other that the one can not be affected for good or ill without the other participating. We can not be happy or feel well unless the brain is in a healthy condition; and wholesome impressions, supplied through lungs, or liver, or skin, contribute to happiness. The nerves are toned and braced up by pure air, fresh water, and healthful exercise, and through the nerves *the brain and mind;* while, on the other hand, every pleasant sight, or sound, or impression, tends to calm and soothe the involuntary nervous system, and regulate the flow of the secretions over which they preside. As, too, these secretions are used in the animal economy to change the food we eat into healthy life-giving blood, we can not wonder that quiet, freedom from care, and cheerful society should tend to increase the appetite.

We are all familiar with the term "congestion of the brain," most men of business are, at all events, and most hard-working writers. For a long time the members of my profession had an idea that the amount of blood in the brain never increased to any great extent, that the blood-vessels could be full, but never overfull. We know now, however, from experiment, that this was a mistaken notion, and that the arteries and veins may be so overcharged with blood as to exert a very deleterious pressure on the brain matter. That kind of headache which some speakers, clergymen, or actors suffer from after their official duties may be cited as a temporary form of congestion. Rest in the recumbent position, a little sal volatile, and subsequent sleep are usually all that is required to remove it. But long-continued congestion of the brain, or daily recurring congestion, whether produced by hard work, worry, or the abuse of stimulants, can hardly take place without evil consequences. One of these is called œdema, or dropsy of the brain. The turgid veins exude the watery portion of their contents, with this the brain matter becomes infiltrated, and very gradually, perhaps, the sufferer begins to feel that he is not the man he formerly was; he becomes drowsy and inactive during the day; is subject to fits of somnolency, which he tries to throw off, but in vain; his appetite is capricious; his pulse often irregular; he suffers from depression of spirits; the intellectual powers become dulled, and memory fails; and if apoplexy does not carry him off soon, his general health breaks up, muscular weakness comes on, and he dies, very gradually perhaps, but surely.

In softening of the brain there is usually at first much depression of spirits, amounting even to gloom; a veil of crape seems thrown over the brain, through which the soul can hardly see; there are severe pains in the head, eyesight and hearing become impaired, and so does the mem-

ory, and the mind is often strangely emotional, the sufferer being easily affected to tears upon the least excitement, or on hearing and reading tales of distress. Sometimes in a case of this kind there is a tendency to stupor or somnolency after eating, and we should also expect to find the muscular system interfered with, the pressure of lying on one limb bringing on pricking sensations and numbness. Sleep, too, is often rendered impossible either by the pains in the head, or by severe cramps in the limbs, or in the chest or sides. I do not mean to say that any one or more of these symptoms are decidedly diagnostic, but collectively they tell their tale, and they each and all point to nervousness and brain mischief. And they often lead on to worse, for the patient may die suddenly of apoplexy, or paralysis with its attendant evils may come on. And than this latter disease there are few more terrible to a sensitive and formerly active man; to be suddenly deprived of the power of motion, to be unable to help himself in any way, or even make himself understood to his attendants, is a state of affairs very painful to contemplate.

Now, as regards the treatment of cases brought on by overtaxing the brain, it simply resolves itself into combating symptoms as they arise, careful regulation of the bowels, the giving up of habits and even duties that tend to excite the brain or weaken the body, and the support of the system by a carefully regulated and restricted diet; and I may add to these the exhibition of mild tonics, and change of air and scene. Without such a course, the brain-worker should remember that when once he feels a tendency to break down, he will only, *can* only, go on from bad to worse, until there stalks into his presence —the inevitable.

HOW SOME FISH ARE TAKEN.

Visitors to the sea-coast, with no particular agricultural taste, have often been startled at the sight of vast numbers of small eels squirming on the surface of a newly ploughed field. They are put there to fertilize the soil. They may possibly increase slightly the yield of a particular crop; but had they, instead, been returned to their native element, in two years' time they would have represented in dollars a vastly greater profit than could possibly be secured in an increased yield of cereals.

The most determined optimist can not fail to observe that fish, notwithstanding the persevering efforts of Fish Commissions, both State and national, are year by year becoming more and more an expensive luxury, instead of a cheap and common article of food to all classes of the community. Rapid means of transportation make the history of one fishing ground the history of all. New York, for example, formerly depended for its supply of fish upon the adjacent waters. Now the entire continent contributes to that supply, and every bay and estuary is exhausted to meet the wants of a city which not only has to contribute to the wants of its own inhabitants, but to those of the entire country for which it is the distributing centre. Only those whose fortune it is to reside in the immediate vicinity of fishing grounds are able by practical observation to appreciate how thoroughly are exhausted formerly prolific waters.

As an illustration, the writer will cite the case of a once famous sheet of water near which he is a resident. This bay is separated from the ocean by a narrow strip of sand, through which, at a distance of thirty-five miles, it communicates with the sea by means of an inlet. Thirty years ago it was probably as fertile in fish life as any body of water of its size on the globe. In the late autumn, winter, and spring it was literally filled with striped bass, which the fishermen were glad to dispose of at two cents a pound. These fish were captured in nets by the wagon-load, and shipped to New York. In the early spring, likewise, white perch in immense numbers were taken in every channelway. In April the eel and bunker were netted. In June the blue-fish and weak-fish made their appearance, and remained all through the summer and autumn. This is the story of the past. What is the condition of these valuable fisheries to-day?

It may not seem just to cite as an example a single or exceptional sheet of water, but the same causes which operate here are in operation along the entire coast-line of the United States. Where thirty years ago the striped bass in such huge numbers were taken, to-day, if fifteen or twenty of small size are captured by a gang of fishermen within the twenty-four hours, it is recorded as a notable event.

While formerly these same men were glad to secure two cents a pound, they now demand twenty cents, and the fish are difficult to procure even at that price. While the bass was being netted for food, the bait upon which it feeds was pursued with the same vigor, and transferred as a fertilizer to the land. The better fish, deprived of a means of sustenance, has, through the stupidity of man, entirely forsaken its former haunts. The land is no better for the crude manure placed upon it, while the inhabitants are far less prosperous and well-to-do.

In the capture of the white perch, nets with the smallest of meshes were employed, so that not even the tiniest fish should escape. The smaller ones were, as usual, used as manure, while the larger were shipped to market. To-day white perch are no longer taken in this bay, or at least in such insignificant quantities as not to be noticeable. Now had judgment been used, and nets with a liberal-sized mesh adopted, this valuable fish would not be, so far as this locality is concerned, an almost extinct species.

We now come to the eel, which formerly was taken in nets. A generation ago, in the bay of which I write, from three to six hundred dozens of eels were often captured at one haul. The larger ones were sent to market, while the smaller suffered the usual fate—transfer to the land as manure. Eels are not so plentiful as formerly. Forty dozen marketable fish per week taken in pots are now considered an average catch per man.

The bunker, which visits the coast and sounds in vast schools, is pursued by edible fish that feed upon it. The bunker, however, is meeting with the same fate as all other varieties. It is used as manure, either in the crude state or after treatment by machinery. It likewise furnishes an oil used to adulterate that of the linseed. This fish was formerly taken from the shore in seines; now he is followed a hundred miles at sea in steamers provided with purse nets. These steamers are of a capacity ranging from two hundred thousand to six hundred thousand fish.

A large fleet is employed in this industry. It can hardly be possible, under such conditions, that the bunker shall long continue to be as plentiful as formerly. Indeed, there is already a noticeable decline in the number taken. What will become of edible fish when the bunker shall be utterly exterminated?—a consummation, under the present system, near at hand. The blue-fish, the striped bass, the weak-fish, the bonito, and the Spanish mackerel feed upon the bunker.

In the illustration which accompanies this article some of the devices used in the capture of fish and shell-fish are shown. No. 1 represents an eel or lobster pot. It is a cylindrical wicker basket, with a movable top. The lower end terminates in a funnel, through which the fish enter. On attempting to escape, they are arrested by sharp points, with which the extremity of the funnel is garnished. The pots are baited with bunkers, minnows, and soft crabs. Purchasers of lobsters can not but remark their diminutive proportions. Instead of the great heavy fellows formerly offered for sale, mere spiders in size are to be seen in the markets. Lobsters were formerly taken close inshore; now they are sought at considerable distance from land, in the open ocean. Laws have been enacted forbidding the sale of lobsters less than twelve inches in length. We shall never certainly see one which exceeds this limit.

If a law could be enforced to prevent the use of small eels as manure, the trap pot would not sensibly affect the supply. Eels, moreover, will subsist on anything. They are the scavengers of the water. It is said that in some localities, when a mass of eels is wanted, if a dead horse can be procured and thrown into the water, he may be withdrawn in a few hours honey-combed with eels sufficient in number to banquet an entire village. It is on this account, probably, so many are prejudiced against the eel; but no more delicious fish can be found when taken from clear salt-water running over a hard sandy shoal.

No. 2 represents the deep-sea seine in use on all our beaches. Eight years since fish caught in these were landed by the wagon-load within forty yards of my residence. Every year since the catch has become smaller. The fish no longer follow the old routes, for the reason that the bunker, their food, has, by reason of the tireless warfare waged against it, sought new and more distant paths, or has measurably decreased in number.

The tonging and dredging of oysters is the subject of drawing No. 3. The cultivation of the oyster is so well understood, it is probable the supply will never cease. Its deterioration or scarcity is due merely to local causes, and a barren bed of to-day may, so to speak, become a bonanza to-morrow.

No. 4 depicts the floating net. This is comparatively a new device, but none the less destructive. Buoyed at either end, these nets float with the tide across narrow channels and inlets. Fish seeking interior waters are caught in great quantities, to the sorrow of those who enjoy an occasional day's fishing with the rod and line. This device is possibly no worse than many others; it might be made less destructive could some restriction be placed upon the use of a mesh below a certain size. If fish seeking our bays and sounds escape the float net, they encounter in shoal water on the edges of the channelways the fyke, No. 5. This is a funnel-shaped net, with leaders extending to the right and left. The fish follow these, and enter the net, at the further end of which is a pocket. Once within this, they can not escape. This device, like the floating net, could be made less destructive were a larger mesh in use. Laws have, indeed, been enacted regulating the size of the mesh; they are never enforced.

The pound, No. 6, is constructed on a principle similar to that of the fyke. It is larger, however, and circular in form. The pound can be made of a capacity to capture any number of fish. It is not so profitable a device as formerly. Purse netting from steamers and the floating net have interfered with its profitable use. Nevertheless, our sounds and bays are planted with them, not only to the discomfort of the angler, but likewise to the boatmen, who on dark nights are apt to run foul of and become entangled in the outwork of heavy poles which form the structure. Laws have been enacted against the pound, but where there was one before the passage of the law, there are now ten.

It would appear to the close and practical observer who is on the spot that our national and State Fish Commissions take the piscatorial bull by the tail rather than by the horns. There is no particle of doubt that through the perfection of modern scientific research inland lakes and ponds may be successfully stocked with fish. So likewise might our bays and sounds. What, indeed, has become of the billions of young fish hatched and liberated at the head-waters of our rivers? No doubt a large proportion have passed to the sea. But it is doubtful whether many return. Fish can not live without a proper sustenance. If they can not procure this, they perish. If the bait on which they feed is caught and put upon the land as a fertilizer, they naturally die of starvation.

It would appear, therefore, that the first care of our Fish Commissions should be directed to the propagation and protection of the bait. This once more made plentiful, the young fish liberated at the head-waters of our rivers would return in due time. It is possible that the question of the decline of our fisheries may in the near future become one of importance.

Gaston Fay.

BOOK-BINDING.

The art of book-binding is of older date than books themselves, at least of books as we know them. Paper was not invented till the eleventh century of the Christian era, and printed books were not sold in any large quantities till after the first decade of the sixteenth; but ages before the cunning Arabian Hahmid had learned to make paper out of boiled rags, writing was an art that flourished in perfection, and a great variety of substances had been used to receive the letters or hieroglyphics of experts in caligraphy. The children of Seth engraved inscriptions on columns of brick and stone; and Prætus, mentioned in the Iliad, used tablets of cedar-wood. Supposing now this Prætus to have been careful of his writings, and to have protected his tablets with pieces of linen or brass, we get the first essay at book-binding. The Egyptians, ahead of the Greeks, invented the papyrus in 1730 B.C.; the kings of Permagos, parchment; and the Chinese, silk-paper toward the middle of the seventh century B.C. The Chinese are also credited with the invention of ink and pencils; but in Europe the iron stylus and the reed continued to be employed until the time when the goose-quill was first pressed into service in the course of the sixth century B.C. Meanwhile the art of book-making had progressed faster than novelties in writing, for the Romans had borrowed from the Greeks the roll of parchment which they called *volumen*, and afterward they had contrived the square book, or *codex*. Martial alludes to this as an innovation in his time, and it must have been found a very convenient one. Binding was soon so far established that we hear of codices covered with tablets of ivory or wood inlaid with gold. The best book-binders came from Athens.

The book-binder's craft was at its zenith just before the invention of printing; and it has waned since, because nobody would care nowadays to give such prices as were cheerfully paid for books in the days when it took twenty-five months of a patient scribe's work to produce one copy of the Bible. The bindings of such costly books were works of art. Milan first acquired a reputation for its bindings of Spanish leather, arabesqued and gilt, which superseded the old-fashioned bindings of wood, metal, or ivory; but until the close of the fifteenth century the bindings of presentation volumes and of the church books used on the high altars of cathedrals were mostly of solid gold or silver. Bruges produced some beautiful works of this description, likewise bindings in cloth of gold wrought with silk of many colors. At Ypres, the great cloth mart of North Europe, were first made plain bindings of cloth, embroidered more or less; but these were only used for small volumes of jests and ballads, and for the horn-books out of which the children in noble families learned their letters. Venice had a name for its bindings in ivory and woods from the East; Florence, like Ghent in Flanders, abounded in brass artificers, and produced brazen bindings gilt or silvered, each one the work of a master craftsman, for none ventured to make book covers who were not skilled with their tools; but the most gorgeous bindings of all that were made before the invention of printing came from Rome. Here the guild of Italian goldsmiths had its chief hall; and there was always a sure sale for rich bindings of wrought gold, seeing that the kings and potentates who came to visit the papal see invariably gave and received presents of splendid books. In the sixteenth century Benvenuto Cellini alluded regretfully to the book-binder's art as a thing of the past, as "even queens' missals nowadays," said he, "are covered in trumpery leather." While at the court of Francis, he was minded to make a little cover of gold for a copy of Guillaume de Loris's *Roman de la Rose*, in the possession of Diane de Poitiers; but the king besought him to turn his hands to nobler work—the making of flagons, statuettes, and such like. Books were already getting to be a drug in the market: the first edition of Master Rabelais's works was sold at a price not much higher than a three-volume novel brings to-day.

It will be remembered that the art of printing was not discovered all of a piece, and that for some time after it had been brought to perfection the secret of it was kept, in order that its possessors might palm off their printed books as manuscripts, and continue to charge the high prices obtainable for these latter. This little speculation, so very human, lasted until it occurred to some shrewder bookseller that honesty was the best policy, whereupon the price of books fell about ninety-two per cent. A Bible that had cost two hundred dollars was now sold for fifteen dollars, and the value even of precious manuscripts was so depreciated that many persons tore off the valuable covers of their old books, and stowed away the books themselves as lumber. Thus most of the grand old bindings of the past—the bindings wrought by artist monks in the ages of blind faith—became lost; and of those that remained a great number were doomed to destruction during the religious wars that raged during the latter half of the sixteenth century.

It should be remarked, by-the-way, that the wholesale production of books was checked for a long while by a difficulty about capital letters. In the first works issued under the new process the spaces for capitals were left blank, and afterward filled up by copyists or illuminators. It was not until 1500 that a certain Alopa, of Venice, produced the first book that had printed capitals—an edition of Dante's "Inferno." After this, cheapness became the prime object in the publication of books, and as a consequence book-binding lapsed from its high estate as one of the fine arts, and was reduced to one of the mere manual crafts. When books had become common, the binding of plain leather slightly gilt had come to be of universal fashion.

Books presented to kings and queens were occasionally bound in silk or velvet, and encircled with precious stones; and now and then the ivory-carvers of Dieppe, who had come to great renown under the fostering rule of Jacques Ango, the merchant prince of their city, produced, as they do now, pretty missals in ivory covers. As a rule, however, it was held that a book was sufficiently well bound if its cover of red, white, or buff leather was well stamped with the arms of the owner in gold, and had a neat bordering of gilt scroll-work or flowers. The edges of the leaves of handsome books were always gilt until the middle of the sixteenth century; after that, books appeared with colored edges adorned with stars or fleurs-de-lis; next they were issued with plain red edges, and this fashion prevailed until the invention of the imitation-marbling process by René Cocquereau, of Paris, in 1727. Just a century before that, however, the sale of fine books had acquired a sudden stimulus by the invention of the art of printing and engraving in colors, made by Lostmenn and Leblond at Frankfort. These ingenious persons had tried to humor a fashion that had suddenly sprung up for old illuminated mediæval books. In seeking how they might copy the beautiful illuminations, they hit upon the way to make books with colored pictures, red letters, and rubrics, and became virtually the founders of what are called in French booksellers' parlance *éditions de luxe*.

BEDS AND BEDCLOTHES.

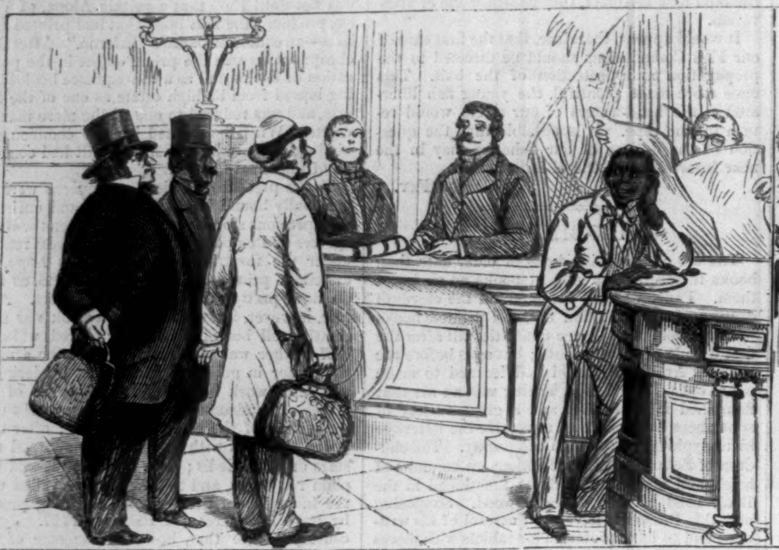
The kind of bed on which the body should rest is a question on which there is extreme divergence of opinion. Whenever we leave our own bed to go to sleep elsewhere, in a hotel or in the house of a friend, it is almost certain we shall find a bed differing from that to which we are accustomed. We may find a bed of down so soft that to drop into it is like dropping into light dough; we may find a soft feather-bed, or a soft mattress, or a spring mattress, a moderately hard mattress, or a mattress as hard, I had nearly said, as the plank bed sometimes found in prisons. These differences are determined by the taste of the owner of the bed, without much reference to principle, or to the likings of any one else in the world—not a very good or satisfactory state of things. There ought to be some principle for guidance in a trial so solemn as that which settles the mode in which our bodies shall rest for a third of our mortal existence.

I fear it is hard to fix on definite principles, but there is one principle, at any rate, which may be relied on, and which, when it is understood, goes a long way toward solving the question of the best kind of bed for all sleepers. The principle is that the bed, whatever it be made of, should be so flexible, if I may use the term, that all parts of the body may rest upon it equally. It ought to adapt itself to the outline of the body in whatever position the body may be placed. The very hard mattress which yields nothing, and which makes the body rest on two or three points of corporeal surface, is at once excluded from use by this principle, and I know of no imposition that ought to be excluded more rigorously. On the other hand, the bed that is so soft that the body is enveloped in it, though it may be very luxurious, is too oppressive, hot, and enfeebling; it keeps up a regular fever, which can not fail to exhaust both physical and mental energies, and at the same time it really does not adapt itself perfectly to the outline of the body.

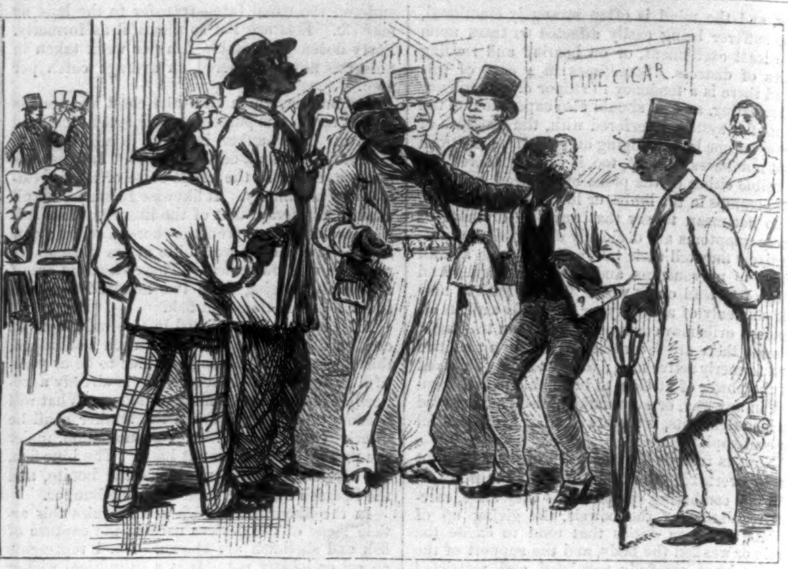
The best kind of bed, taking everything into consideration, is one of two kinds. A fairly soft feather-bed laid upon a soft horse-hair mattress, or a thin mattress laid upon one of the elastic steel-spring beds which have lately been so ingeniously constructed of small connected springs that yield in a wave-like manner to every motion. It is against my inclination to try to write out the time-honored old feather-bed and mattress, but I am forced to state that the new steel-spring bed is, of necessity, the bed of the future. It fulfills every intention of flexibility; it is durable; it goes with the bedstead, as an actual part of it, and it can never be a nest or receptacle of contagion or impurity.

On the subject of bedclothes, the points that have most to be enforced are that heavy bed-clothing is always a mistake, and that weight in no true sense means warmth. The light down quilts or coverlets which are now coming into general use are the greatest improvements that have been made, in our time, in regard to bed-clothes. One of these quilts takes well the place of two blankets, and they cause much less fatigue from weight than layer upon layer of blanket covering.

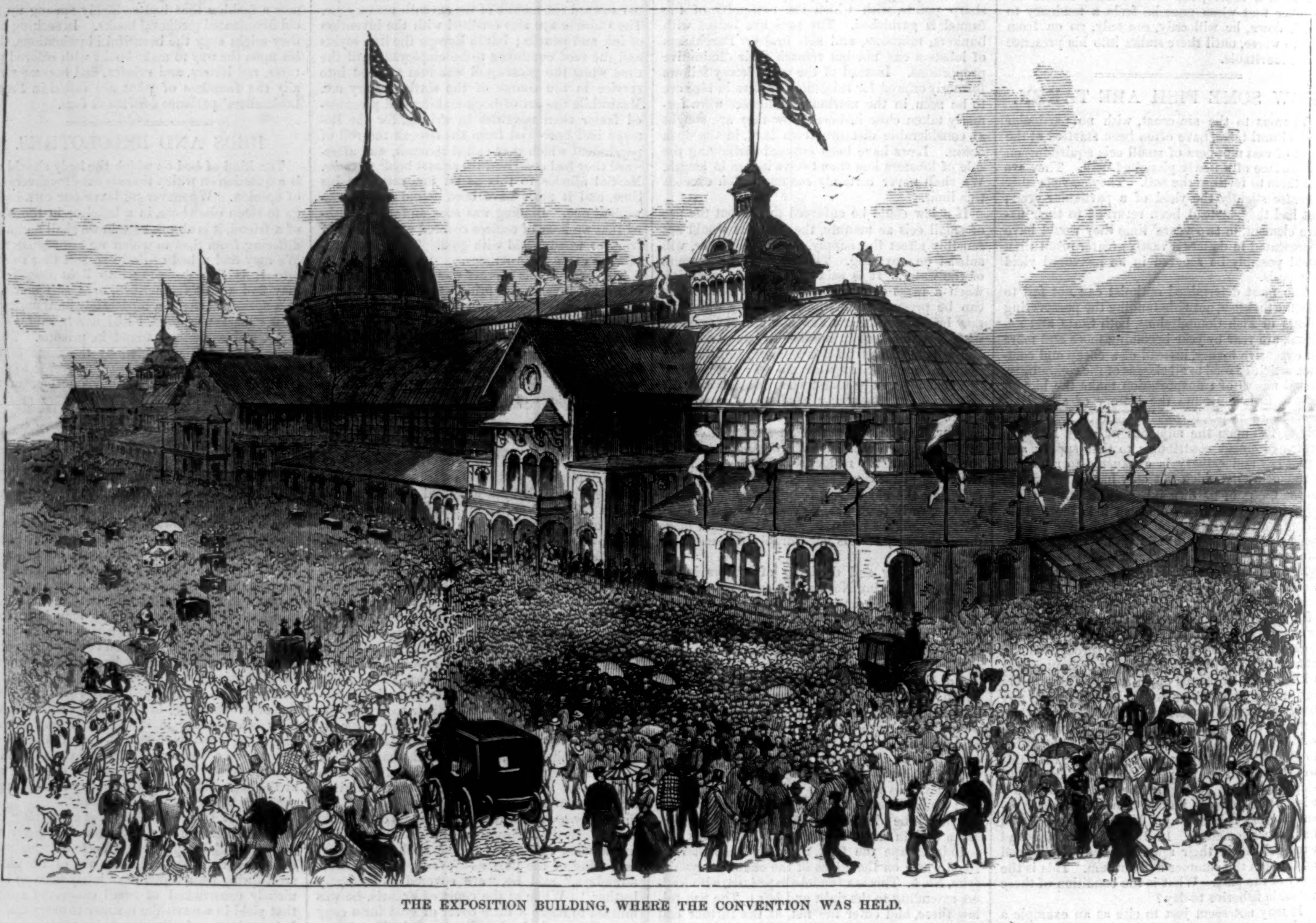
As to the actual quantity of clothes which should be on the sleeper, I can lay down no rule of numbers or quantities, because different people require such different amounts. I can, nevertheless, offer one very good practice which every person can learn to apply. It should be the rule to learn so to adapt the clothing that the body is never cold and never hot while under the clothes. The first rule is usually followed, and need not be dwelt on; the last is too commonly broken. It is a practice too easily acquired to sleep under so much clothing that the body becomes excessively heated, feverishly heated. This condition gives rise to exhaustion, to disturbing dreams, to headache, dyspepsia, and to constipation. It is so injurious that it is better to sleep with too little than with too much clothing over the body.



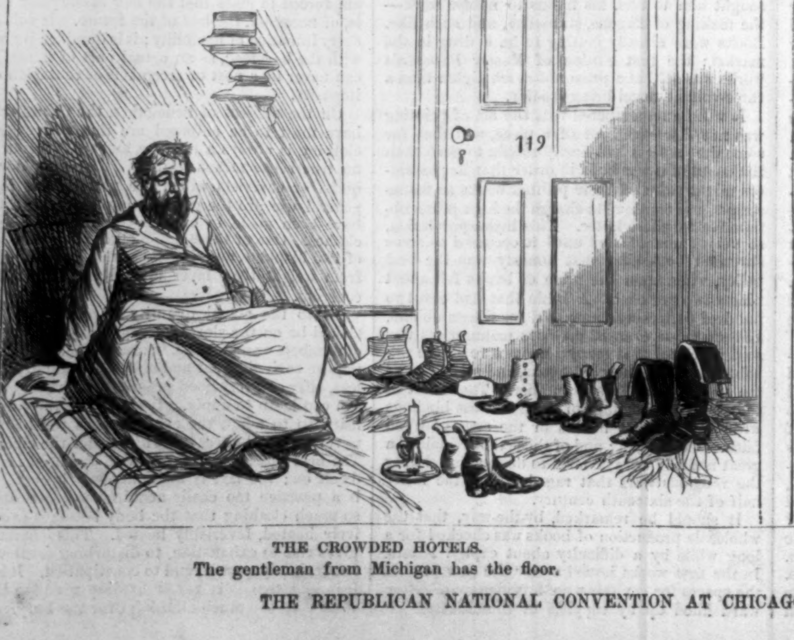
"DELEGATES AT LARGE."
"Really, gentlemen, I am sorry, but the last square yard of floor was given out five minutes ago."



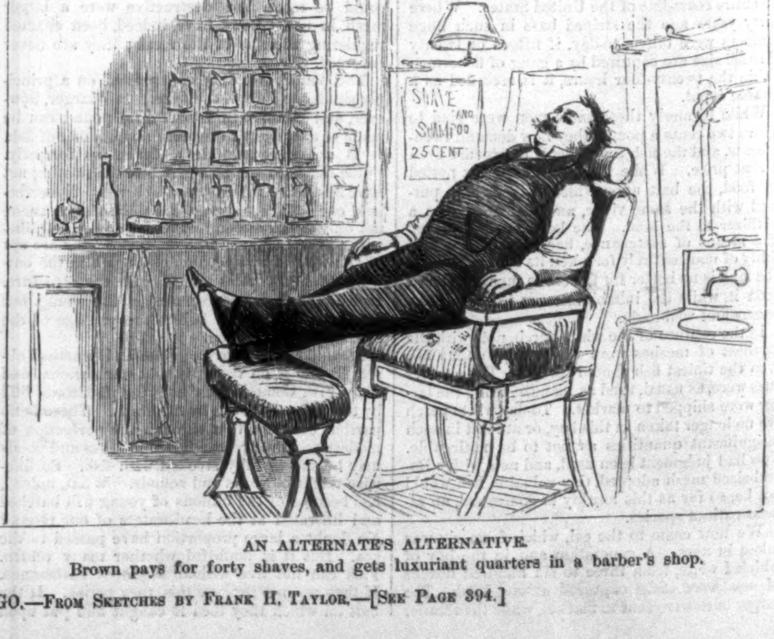
DELEGATES FROM SOUTH CAROLINA AND FLORIDA.
"Should auld acquaintance be forgot?"



THE EXPOSITION BUILDING, WHERE THE CONVENTION WAS HELD.



THE CROWDED HOTELS.
The gentleman from Michigan has the floor.



AN ALTERNATE'S ALTERNATIVE.
Brown pays for forty shaves, and gets luxuriant quarters in a barber's shop.

THE REPUBLICAN NATIONAL CONVENTION AT CHICAGO.—FROM SKETCHES BY FRANK H. TAYLOR.—[SEE PAGE 394.]

HOW SOME FISH ARE TAKEN.—Drawn by Gaston Fay.—[See Page 395.]

THE BIRTH OF LOVE.

In Eden's sweet solitudes, tender and lone,
The joy of its presence the first time was known.
There was light in the universe, solemn and gray,
When evening and morning had made the first day;
The firmament came with its azure spread wide,
The dry land appeared from the back-rolling tide;
The earth brought forth grass and the herb yielded seed,
The trees bore their fruit, though no creature had need;
Great lights, lesser lights, through the firmament whirled,
The birds and the insects their soft wings unfurled;
Life grew in the waters and spread o'er the land,
And man in the guise of his Maker was planned.
Six days and six nights, and lo! all things were good;
Yet he who should rule them in loneliness stood;
'Mid the wonders of Eden he wandered forlorn,
Awaiting the moment when Love should be born.
Sleep fell on the Master whose sway governed all;
Love was born of his being, and knelt at his call.
Ah! where was the day of the marvellous seven
That shone with such glory as Love brought from heaven?

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

On Thursday, May 20, began one of the most remarkable "heated terms" ever known in this latitude during the spring months. On that day the temperature, according to the record of the thermometer at the Central Park Observatory, reached 81° in the shade, and the maximum temperature of the seven following days, in successive order, reads, 83°, 76°, 80°, 86°, 95°, 95°, 96°. On Friday, May 28, came some relief, the mercury at the Central Park reaching only 86°, and then falling rapidly, while a brief shower refreshed the parched earth, and a cooler term commenced. The combination of heat with the prevailing drought was peculiarly trying. During such a hot term city pedestrians, in consequence of the radiation from pavements, buildings, etc., are forced to endure a much higher temperature than that recorded by carefully protected thermometers. And it is not strange that the vital statistics of the last week in May contained a list of nineteen fatal cases of sun-stroke, in addition to numerous prostrations from heat. It seemed singular, while New-Yorkers were scorching under a temperature of 95° and 96°, that in New Orleans it was comparatively cool, the maximum thermometric record there being at that time 78°, and in Chicago 66°, and in St. Louis 65°. By what right, to be sure, can we lay claim to be living in the temperate zone?

The military display in this city on May 31 was the most imposing that has appeared on Decoration-day for many years. The favorable weather and general suspension of business gave the people full opportunity to show that they sympathized in the spirit of this day, which is now so generally consecrated to the memory of patriotic heroism. Multitudes witnessed the services in the various cemeteries, and the floral tributes were profuse.

All the measures proposed by the United States International Commission in reference to the International Exhibition have been approved by the Legislature of this State, and it is expected that the members of the Commission will soon meet to take such action as is necessary in the matter.

A short time ago one of the laborers digging a pit for a locomotive turn-table at High Bridge, New York, came upon something that he took to be one of the small roots of a tree. He struck it with his spade, thinking he would easily cut it through, but blow after blow failed to divide the tough "root." Then a pickaxe was brought, and although the supposed root was driven far into the ground by the powerful blows it received, it came up each time intact. More effective cutting instruments were then resorted to, and finally, the "root" having been divided, the workmen were surprised to find it a perfect iron wire insulated by a thick coating of rubber. The whole thing was a little more than half an inch in diameter. The diameter of the wire itself was about one-fifth of an inch. But how did it get there? was the question. In either of three ways, the people of the neighborhood thought. Some believed that the wire was laid by prehistoric Americans, and that they must have understood the electric telegraph; others, that the wire was laid surreptitiously during the war of the rebellion, with the intention of blowing up High Bridge, which carries the Croton Aqueduct over the Harlem River, and thus cutting off the supply of water from the city of New York; while not a few suspected that the wire was laid by a band of robbers who, as tradition has it, had a den in that neighborhood some half a century ago. None of these conjectures proved to be true. The fact as finally discovered is that in 1849, when the Bain telegraph line from this city to Boston was building, the authorities refused to allow the wire to be fastened to High Bridge, on the ground that it might attract the lightning, and be the cause of an accident to the bridge. In that emergency Charles T. Smith, who was building the line, and who is now connected with the Western Union Telegraph Company in New York, laid in the Harlem River the cable a part of which has just been brought to light.

Few persons realize what an immense amount of capital is invested in the dairy industry of the country. But certain statistics which were presented at the recent annual session of the National Butter, Egg, and Cheese Association, at Indianapolis, show the total amount to be not less than $2,219,280,000. The figures are 13,000,000 milch cows, requiring the annual product of 52,000,000 acres of land to feed them, and giving employment to 650,000 men; the cows are estimated at $30 each, land at $30 an acre, necessary horses at $80 each, together with $200,000,000 for agricultural and dairy implements.

Memphis has been taking numerous precautions against a recurrence of yellow fever. Thirty miles of sewers have been completed in the city, so that the drainage is greatly improved.

Everybody is expected during the first half of the month of June to make a free contribution to general information, in so far as to respond to certain inquiries made by the United States in regard to themselves. These inquiries relate mainly to age, nationality, physical disabilities, occupation, and similar points. In New York city the United States is represented by 681 canvassers, who will duly catechise every inhabitant. They are, however, under oath not to disclose any information obtained, otherwise than to return to the proper authorities a correct record; and they are enjoined to use great courtesy and consideration in their investigations. Sensible people will aid in the accomplishing of a work at once difficult and important by promptly giving needed information; and very few will be so foolish as to expose themselves to legal penalties by persistent refusal.

Mr. Gilbert, of *H. M. S. Pinafore* fame, is represented as "the busiest man without bustle in London." His methods of working are quite unlike those of most literary men, but he labors very successfully at his house in "the Boltons," which is called an "oasis of South Kensington," or on board his yacht the *Pleione*. He has no fancy for early morning writing, preferring to use the midnight oil; but mere writing is the smallest part of his labor. His story is moulded at odd hours of day or night; then the plot is briefly written out like an anecdote; then the anecdote is expanded by incidents, then broken up into acts, and illustrated by dialogue. Important scenes in the play are first written out fully, and knitted together by shorter ones. Then, in the case of a musical piece, everything must be done with reference to the music, and by consultation with the composer. This is not all that Mr. Gilbert does, by any means. He arranges scenery, and designs costumes, and attends to details of stage management. Mr. Gilbert's house in "the Boltons" shows that it is the abode of culture and refinement. His library and dining-room are adorned with charming drawings and paintings, and he is a most genial host.

London will soon have an addition to its street monuments. The site of the Byron statue is already chosen, and the statue will be in position before long. The pedestal will be formed of plinths hewn out of Greek quarries, and shipped direct to the English metropolis; for thus the Greek nation shows its gratitude to the memory of a poet to whom it owed much.

Not long ago there assembled at Vienna deputations from choral societies belonging in the various districts under the dominion of the Emperor of Austria to thank him for the welcome he gave them last year on the occasion of his silver wedding. Early in the afternoon they gathered in front of the imperial residence, and sang several pieces composed for this time. The Emperor, Empress, and princes stood meanwhile on the balcony. When the performance was over, the Emperor invited his visitors to dinner, and as there were about 2000 of them, the repast was quite a colossal affair. More than 800 servants waited on the guests, and eight oxen, fifty bucks, 1600 bottles of Champagne, and 3000 cigars were consumed. Certainly the Emperor is not deficient in hospitality.

An unexpected difficulty has arisen in the construction of the St. Gothard Tunnel, which threatens to retard its completion. A part of the formation is of porous white stone, and there the vaulting has given way. A granite wall six feet thick has been made to support the mass of white stone, but this does not prove effectual, and it is feared that the difficulty can only be overcome by making a wide curve around this white formation.

English papers teem with suggestions to Lord Ripon, the new Viceroy of India, in regard to the policy to be pursued in reference to Afghanistan. Evidently many of Queen Victoria's subjects feel that the millions expended in the Afghan war have been an unwarrantable outlay for the results attained. The arrival of Lord Ripon at Calcutta, and the measures he adopts, will be watched with interest.

One can scarcely understand how a railroad can pass along the beach at Coney Island without utterly destroying the comfort and beauty of the place as a summer resort. The noise and the constantly passing trains would certainly tend to make the beach unpleasant and unsafe. But the route of the recently chartered railroad, to be known as "The New York and Atlantic Coast Railroad," is along the beach, passing Cable's, Brighton, and Manhattan hotels.

A national memorial, the result of sixpenny contributions, has just been erected in Woolwich Cemetery to the memory of those who perished in the wreck of the *Princess Alice* in September, 1878. It will be remembered that there were about 700 men, women, and children on board, and it is supposed that 550 were lost. Of these, 120 were buried near where the monument is erected. More than 23,000 persons contributed to this memorial.

Eyesight, Good and Bad, is the title of a recent English work, in which the author advances the theory that many persons who have passed the middle age of life have trouble with their eyes in consequence of the partial disuse of them. He advocates a healthful and active use of the eyes, in order to maintain them in a good condition—not merely the general use which every one who is awake makes of his sight, but that special employment which includes mental attention. It is instanced that the mechanic oftener retains his eyesight unimpaired to old age than the farmer, who has rarely occasion to examine things closely, and often reads but little. Systematic use, not overexercise, this author regards as the law which is adapted to eyes.

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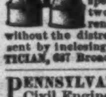

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Most attractive. * * * Where all are so good it is, however, difficult to choose.—*N. Y. Herald.*

A superb number.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

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As usual *Harper's* leads the way, and a more regal leader could not be found. The choice paper of the number, and one which may well defy competition in the beauty and softness of its pictures as well as the dainty interest of its text, is "Spring-Time," by W. Hamilton Gibson, the artist whose "Winter Idyl" was such a delight to readers only two months ago. * * * "The Country of Luther" is a highly interesting paper by J. E. Montgomery, toward which the reader is immediately attracted by its twelve beautiful engravings. * * * There is a capital short story called "De Courcy's Ride." * * * George T. Curtis has a strong article on "The Strong Government. * * * The number is a notable and in every way a magnificent one.—*Utica Herald*, N. Y.

The publishers of *Harper's New Monthly Magazine* have never offered the public a more satisfactory number than that which is provided for June. * * * In speaking of the special excellence of a number which is equally good upon both sides, it is impossible to avoid mention of such illustrations as those which Abbey has furnished for Mrs. John Lillie's "A Moorland Village," and those with which Mr. W. Hamilton Gibson embellishes the text of his own article, "Spring-Time." Mr. Gibson is a poet with his pencil, and Mr. Abbey, not less a poet, has caught and interpreted the subtlest suggestions of English village scenery with a degree of sympathetic dexterity which no English illustrator of books or magazines has ever equalled in treating a similar theme.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

A remarkable specimen of publishing enterprise.—*N. Y. Weekly Witness.*

The illustrations, which form so peculiar and admirable a feature in the Magazine, are even more remarkable than usual in the present number, both for variety and character.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

A charming number, remarkable alike for beauty of illustration and literary scope. * * * The most attractive paper is that by W. H. Gibson, on "Spring-Time," with sixteen exquisite drawings engraved with wonderful skill. When Mr. Gibson's "Winter Idyl" appeared, we thought the artist had reached the acme of his powers, but in this series he has surpassed himself. * * * A very humorous story of plantation life by Sherwood Bonner, "Hieronymus Pop and the Baby," supplies fun enough for half a dozen ordinary stories.—*Boston Traveller.*

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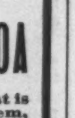

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